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SOMETHING NEW.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Nec revocare ſitus, aut jungere carmina curat,
Inconſulti abeunt. ———— VIRG.

THE SECOND EDITION,
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TITLES OF THE CHAPTERS.

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SOMETHING NEW.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WAGER.

WHEN I had written thus far, an ingenious and philosophical friend of mine, but who has all the prejudices of the schools about him, having never read nature, but in books, happened to call in to see me. He met with these

papers lying on the table, and as he had curiosity, and that I am not uncommunicative, as you may see, I suffered him to run his eye over the pages.

As he is himself no writer, he was liberal enough in his compliments, upon the several foregoing chapters. He said that —— —— ——

ſervations and reflections to him, over again; but ſhall only mention this Gentleman's having moſt dogmatically denied the principle I had hitherto proceeded upon, throughout this work, *that thought was free, and that the mind can think, without a chain, and can ſummon or diſmiſs its ideas, as arbitrarily or capriciouſly, as it pleaſes.*

We grew warm in the argument; but as it was a philoſophic, not a religious warmth, it was carried no farther than to a wager. He propoſed a bet to me, of a hundred guineas, that after I ſhall have finiſhed one, two, three, or as many volumes of this deſultory work, as I may pleaſe to extend it to, he will then undertake to

prove the neceſſary chain of reflection which runs through the whole, and connects the laſt chapter with the firſt, *alius et idem*, by an indiſſoluble tie.

He argued in form—"We have no "power to vary the train," ſaid he, "by calling up an object, at will. "For how ſhould this be done? What "object is it that we are to call up? "if this queſtion can be anſwered, "the object is already in the mind, "and there is no occaſion to exert "the power; if the queſtion cannot be "anſwered, I next demand, how "it is poſſible that a voluntary power "can be exerted, without any view "of an object to exert it upon? We

"cannot

" cannot form a conception of ſuch a " thing *."

Thus do ingenious men put their *reaſon* to the ſtretch, to prove their *irrationality*—to reduce the human mind to the mechanical operations of *clock-work*, which ſtrikes *two*, becauſe it had ſounded *one* before; or at beſt, to the ſtate of the Brute creation, which is *ſuppoſed* to have no faculty of comparing, compounding, varying, or rejecting the notices or ideas, they receive from the ſenſes. 'Tis a ſhort and eaſy method of philoſophy, to deny a thing, becauſe we cannot account for it. This is the argument of Atheiſts.

* *Elements of Criticiſm*, Chapter firſt, and firſt note. Lord KAIMS.

My

My friend's aſſertion, however, I own, ſtartled me, a good deal, at firſt. This perſon, ſaid I, appears to be wiſer than I—which though I had ever conceived the higheſt opinion of his ſenſe and parts, I had never in the leaſt ſuſpected, before. I began then, to ponder upon his challenge. An hundred guineas is a ſerious object—to an author—'tis more than I expect to make of all my authoring, in theſe poor-ſpirited times.

For to ſay the truth, in theſe days no writings are worth the expence of publication, except thoſe of immorality, prophaneneſs, or ſedition. An author now muſt be damned, to ſave his work; and the old proverb is very appli-

applicable here, that ſays, *happy is the child, whoſe father goes to the devil.* Voltaire's, Bolinbroke's, and Hume's *un*-philoſophical Tracts, I hear, ſell well.

Is thought, ſaid I, to myſelf, like matrimony, which preſerves its knot intire, its yoke unbroken, under all the wanderings, eſtrangements, and alienations, of diſſipation and profligacy? Is it like deſtiny,

"Which binding nature faſt in fate,
"Leaves conſcience free, and will?"

Is the famous treatiſe of *Siris*, written by the great and learned Berkeley, which begins with *Tar-water*, and ends with *the Trinity*, like Jacob's ladder,

or Plato's chain, but a linked ſeries of phyſical and metaphyſical reaſonings?

It cannot be, ſaid I, again. Whoever ſhall take upon them to trace the clue of my mental labyrinth, muſt, like Theſeus, have an Ariadne for his tutor—nay wiſer muſt ſtill be, than the inſpired Solomon, himſelf; who, were he now alive, might be compelled to add this article, by way of climax, to the four wonderful things which he honeſtly confeſſes himſelf to have been ignorant of—"The way of an eagle "in the air; the way of a ſerpent on "a rock; the way of a ſhip in the "midſt of the ſea; and the way of a "man with a maid."

Done,

Done, ſaid I, boldly, after theſe reflections, and we immediately entered into a minute of our agreement. So pleaſe you to obſerve with what circumſpection I ſhall henceforward proceed, throughout the remainder of the ſubſequent pages, in order to evade this ſame *Catenarian* policy—And if I ſhall win the wager, I do hereby invite all my Readers, both male and female, to a dinner at the London Tavern, on the Seventeenth of March next, being the Birth-day, both of a Sinner, and a Saint *.

A PROPOS.

On the morning of my laſt anniverſary, I happened to be a good deal

* My own, and St. Patrick's.

out

out of conceit with the world, on occaſion of ſome difficulties and diſtreſſes I had juſt then laboured under. This naturally threw me into a philoſophic turn of mind. Happineſs is a great enemy to philoſophy. I ſummed up the ſeveral articles of a life of five-and-fifty years, and found the aggregate to be compoſed of pains, mortifications, and diſappointments. This threw me into *my other humour*, and I wrote the following extempore lines upon the occaſion.

On my Birth-day, March 17, 1771.

Who pray for age, but aſk for future pain.
Can loſs of youth be ever deemed a gain!
What is, alas! the ſum of lingering days,
But Life become incurable diſeaſe!

CHAP. XXXV.

IFMAMIJASOND.

EXERCISE your wit upon the interpretation of this word, my good wagerer, and then point out the connection with this Chapter, and the next, and I will then acknowledge my depofit to be forfeited.

CHAP. XXXVI.

PHILOSOPHY.

THE vulgar are apt to miſunderſtand moral philoſophy, ſtrangely. They fancy that a perſon who would preſerve the character of a philoſopher, muſt firſt ſubdue his mind, to a ſtate of perfect apathy; free from ſorrow, unmoved by joy, and devoid of every fond or tender affection.

This indeed was the *boaſt*, which, if they had any ſort of modeſty, ſhould rather have been called the *confeſſion*, of the Stoics. This was a ſtate of *inhumanity*, in my opinion, becauſe referable ſolely to *ſelf*. For reaſon, when un-

animated by liberal sentiments, and generous feelings, sinks below instinct; as a meaner principle, which keeps its place, is more estimable than a nobler one that becomes degraded.

But the humane, and therefore more *natural*, philosophy, of the antient sages, but quickened their sensibility, and both increased and extended their love, benevolence, and charity, towards mankind. They rejoiced in their happiness, grieved at their miseries, and lamented the loss of their relations and friends, rather more than other men were capable of. Their whole firmness, resolution, and fortitude were set in battle array against

their own pains, misfortunes, and disappointments, only.

Thoſe who would affect a ſuperiority of mind, upon any other terms, miſtake the matter ſadly, as ſeeming to think that virtue was given by heaven to debaſe us. For whom God has made *a man*, none but the devil can make *a brute*. *Permitte illi ut homo ſit*, ſaid Antoninus Pius, in excuſe for a philoſopher he ſaw in tears.

How many pages could I fill, upon this ſubject; but they would only repeat the ſame ſentiments, in other words. Therefore I hope the reader will do me honour for ſtopping ſhort here.

here. If he has reflection, these few paragraphs are sufficient for contemplation: if not, they are too many, already.

CHAP. XXXVII.

A TRIP TO AMIENS.

I AM juſt ſetting out for the Continent, to pay a viſit to a friend, who on his return to England from his travels, has been unhappily taken ill at Amiens. How few perform the *Grand tour*, without corrupted morals, and an impaired conſtitution!

AMIENS.

I have had a rough paſſage over, and met with but miſerable accommodations on my journey, both of vehicles, roads, lodgings, meat and drink. Well! commend me to Old England, againſt the world, ſay I, for thoſe who

are

are either to travel through, or reſide in, it.

However, all my fatigues and inconveniencies have been ſufficiently countervailed, by the pleaſure I have received here, in finding my dear patient perfectly recovered from his diſorder, and ready to accompany me home again, in a few days, to the land of liberty, of bravery, and humanity.

Every one that goes abroad, now a days, whether for health, or pleaſure, for idleneſs, or buſineſs, ſeems to think themſelves called upon by the public, to render them a minute account of their occupations, avocations, obſerva-

tions, and lucubrations, during their pilgrimage.

Nay ſome, I have been informed, have ſo well prepared themſelves for this work, before hand, that they have written half their book, e'er they ſet out, in order to ſave themſelves the trouble of lugging the one they copied from, about with them, from ſtage to ſtage. One perſon, I was aſſured, deferred his journey for a twelve-month, *'till he had finiſhed his travels.* Theſe Gentlemen may well be ſaid *to travel much, at home.*

This is not my caſe, at preſent, I declare, whatever it may be, hereafter; for according to the reception which

the

the following ſpecimen may meet with from my readers, I ſhall either go ſoon abroad again, *properly prepared*, or remain quietly at home, for life.

A Deſcription of AMIENS, taken upon the ſpot.

This is a large well-built city—The Cathedral, if the hardineſs of the expreſſion may be allowed me, is the moſt *elegant* piece of *gothic* architecture, that ever I beheld. Cæſar mentions this place, in his Commentaries, *which is a great honour* to it, under the name of *Ambianum*; which by corruption has degenerated into *Amiens*—and convened a general aſſembly of all the Gaul provinces, here.

This is the ſpot where the principal manufacture for making thoſe arms that conquered the world, was firſt eſtabliſhed. It is now transferred to *Birmingham*. This was the Capital Seat of the Empire, where Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, Conſtantine, Conſtans, Julian, and ſeveral other of the *ſecond hand* Roman Emperors, uſually reſided.

And here, O for oblivion! was our third Edward, either by the ignorance, or the influence of a weak, or wicked ſet of Miniſters, betrayed into that ignoble act of doing homage to *Philip de Valois*, for the Dutchy of Guienne, where he ought rather to have received it; admitting, by ſuch a condeſcenſion,

ſion, the validity of the *Salic-Law*, in excluſion of his own juſt claim to the Crown of France: to reverſe which acquieſcence has coſt us ſo much blood and treaſure, ſince, to purchaſe merely an empty title, that might as well have been aſſumed, without it.

But what are all ſuch prophane articles, to the *real* head of John the Baptiſt, which is preſerved and worſhipped here, with moſt edifying zeal! The miraculous powers imputed to this divine morſel, are only to be ſwallowed by a faith that has already devoured every atom of reaſon, or common ſenſe. If the feats are not miraculous, the belief of them moſt certainly is!

'Tis

'Tis true, indeed, that there is one thing that did, for a ſeaſon, ſtagger the faith of ſome Sceptics, here, a little; which was, that the Convent of *St. Claire* at Rome, did once, and ſtill pretends to exhibit an other *real* caput mortuum, taken off from the very ſelf-ſame ſhoulders, by that Infidel *Herod*. *Herodia* *, danced, they ſay, but poor John *paid the piper*.

Much pious ink, expreſſed from the blackeſt and bittereſt galls, has been ſpilled in this religious contention; and the devout Prieſts, on both ſides, had been ſhaking theſe ſacred heads at one another, for ſeveral centuries, 'till

* Miſs Herodia, the daughter of Herodias.

the

the learned—indeed he muſt have been inſpired, or have found it in the Revelations—*Pere du Cange* at length publiſhed a treatiſe, *on this head*; which ſufficiently proves, *to the meaneſt capacity*, that we ſolely are in poſſeſſion of the genuine original phyſiognomy of the Præ-curſor.

And as Faith, reſting barely in the mind, is looked upon by that Church, to be little better than a pious ſlumber, unleſs it exerciſe its dominion over the waking ſenſes, alſo, there are ſome devotées here, at preſent, I am told, who after an interval of near eighteen centuries, taſte the flavour of *locuſts and wild honey*, ſtill freſh, upon his hallowed lips.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

FAITH.

SOME religioniſts, among whom was that great light in divinity, *St. Auguſtin*, are reported to have prayed moſt devoutly to heaven, to have their faith ſupplied with ſome farther and more improbable miſteries, in religion, to believe; as the ſtrength of their zeal had given ſuch conviction to thoſe they had already received, that it had rendered the apocalypſe, or *obſcurations*, of St. John, perfect *revelations* to them, in the moſt literal meaning of the expreſſion.

Theſe

These pious Fathers of the Church were not contented, it seems, with believing, themselves, all that was necessary to their own salvation, without multiplying articles to endanger that of others. Such enthusiastic monopolists strive to gain heaven all to themselves, by rendering it so difficult for other people to get there.

But there are *believing* constitutions of mind, and *mathematical* ones; and is it our fault that we are differently framed? A man may as well borrow an other's *works*, as his *faith*, to save him.

The greatest part of the *faith* of this world, is rather *passive*, than *active*,

and

and conſiſts not ſo much in *believing*, as in *not doubting*—We take tenets upon credit, without examination; and this, with a formulary canted out by rote, compoſe the too general idea of religion.

A certain female devotée ſeemed to have formed a very adequate notion of ſuch *verbal piety*, lately; for having read Mr. Deane's treatiſe on the *ſouls of brutes*, ſhe, in real fondneſs and ſimplicity of heart, had her favourite Parrot taught to repeat the Creed and Lord's Prayer, that it might accompany her in the other world: and, not thinking this ſufficient to its ſalvation, ſhe was catechiſing it through the *thirty-nine articles*; but it unhappily died at the

end

end of the twelfth. Upon which ſome of the wicked ſaid, that *the thirteenth* had ſtuck in the poor bird's throat, and choked it. — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — — —
— — — — —.

I had purſued theſe reflections through the remainder of my page, when I recollected that I was fallen into the ſame tract of thought and reaſoning, that had been made uſe of by a very ingenious writer, on the ſame ſubject, long before me; ſo, agreeably to what I have ſaid, in the latter end of my preface, I ſtruck out my own ſentiments, and ſhall here preſent you with

with his, which I hope, and believe you'll think ſufficiently orthodox, for a good proteſtant.

THOUGHTS ON FAITH.

From BUTLER's Poſthumous Works.

"Faith is ſo far from being above "reaſon and knowledge, that it is be- "low ignorance, which it depends "upon: for no man can believe, and "not be ignorant; but he may be "ignorant, and not believe. When- "ſoever reaſon and demonſtration ap- "pear, faith and ignorance vaniſh to- "gether.

"They who diſpute matters of faith "into nice particularities, and curious "cir-

" circumſtances, do as unwiſely, as a " Geographer that would undertake " to draw a true map of *Terra incog-* " *nita*, by mere imagination. For, " though there is ſuch a part of the " earth, and that not without moun- " tains and vallies, plains and rivers; " yet to attempt the deſcription of " theſe, and aſſign their ſituations and " tracts, without any view of the " place, is more than ridiculous.

" He that thinks to pleaſe God, by " forcing his underſtanding in diſqui- " ſitions of him, beyond the limits " which he has been pleaſed to pre- " ſcribe; beſides the loſs of his labour, " does but endeavour to intrude, where " he is denied acceſs; and prepoſte-

"rously attempts to ſerve God, by diſ-
"obeying him.

"It is a dangerous thing to be too
"inquiſitive, and to ſearch too nar-
"rowly into a *true* religion: for fifty
"thouſand Bethſhemites were deſtroy-
"ed, for looking into *the Ark of the*
"*Covenant*; and ten times as many
"have been ruined ſince, for looking
"too curiouſly into that book in
"which this very ſtory is recorded.

"Almoſt all the miracles in the
"Jewiſh hiſtory, from their deliver-
"ance out of their firſt ſlavery, by the
"plagues of Egypt, to their ſecond
"captivity in Babylon, were perform-
"ed by the deſtruction, ruin, and ca-
"lamity

"lamity of mankind. But all thoſe
"that our Saviour wrought to confirm
"his doctrine, operated quite contra-
"ry; by raiſing the dead to life, cur-
"ing of deſperate diſeaſes, making
"the blind ſee, caſting out of devils,
"feeding of hungry multitudes, &c.
"but never doing harm to any thing:
"all ſuitable to thoſe excellent leſſons
"of peace, love, charity, and con-
"cord, to which the whole purpoſe
"of all that he ever ſaid or did, per-
"petually tended.

"Whoſoever, therefore, does endea-
"your to draw rules or examples, for
"the practice of Chriſtianity, from
"the extraordinary proceedings of
"the Jews, muſt of neceſſity make a

" ſtrange confuſion and adulterate " mixture of the Chriſtian religion, " by depraving and alloying it with " that which is ſo directly averſe and " contrary to its own nature.

" And as this unnatural mixture of " two different religions, was the " firſt cauſe of diſſenſion among the " Apoſtles themſelves, and afterwards " determined and reſolved againſt, by " them all; ſo there is no doctrine of " rebellion, that was ever vented " among Chriſtians, that was not re- " vived and raiſed from this kind of " falſe and forced conſtruction.

" The enmities of religious people " would never have ariſen to ſuch an " height,

" height, were it not for their miſtake
" that God is better ſerved with their
" opinions, than their practices; opi-
" nions being very inconſiderable,
" further than they have influence
" upon actions.

" All reformations of religion ſeldom
" extend further than the mere opi-
" nions of men. The amendment of
" their lives and converſations, are
" equally unregarded, by all churches,
" how much ſoever they differ in doc-
" trine and diſcipline. And though
" all the reformation our Saviour
" preached to the world, was only re-
" pentance, and amendment of life,
" without taking any notice, at all, of
" men's opinions and judgments; yet

" all the Chriſtian churches take the
" contrary courſe, and believe religion
" more concerned in one erroneous
" opinion, than in all the inhuman and
" impious actions in the world.

" Charity is the chiefeſt of all Chriſ-
" tian virtues, without which, all the
" reſt ſignify nothing: for faith and
" hope can only bring us on our way
" to the confines of this world; but
" charity is not only our convoy to
" heaven, but engaged to ſtay with
" us there for ever.

" And yet there is not any ſort of re-
" ligious people among us that will not
" renounce and diſclaim this neceſſary
" clauſe of ſalvation, for mere trifles.

" of

" of the ſlighteſt moment, imagina-
" ble—nay, who will not prepoſte-
" rouſly endeavour to ſecure their eter-
" nal happineſs, by deſtroying that
" without which it is never to be ob-
" tained.

" From hence are all our ſpiritual
" quarrels derived; and ſuch punctilios
" of opinion, though more nice and
" peeviſh than thoſe of love and
" honour, in romances, are yet main-
" tained, with ſuch animoſity, as if
" heaven were to be purchaſed no way
" but that which is the moſt certain
" and infallible, of all others, to loſe it.

" They that profeſs religion, and
" believe it conſiſts in frequenting of

"ſermons, do as if they ſhould ſay,
"they have a great deſire to ſerve
"God, but would fain be perſuaded
"to loſe it."

I have left the laſt paragraph in, becauſe it was part of the piece, though I confeſs that I do not comprehend what is meant by it, there.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIX.

INDIANA continued.

See Chapter XXVI. laſt paragraph.

AFTER we had both ſighed and ſobbed, to the perfect ſatisfaction of our hearts, the lovely mourner thus proceeded in her narrative.

My dear father had ever a remarkable turn and paſſion for philoſophy, and that of the higher ſpecies of it. He could not reſt ſatisfied with thoſe notions of religion which the *Alcoran* or the *Sunnah** had taught, or the Bonzes

* *Aſſonah*, the traditions of their prophets.

had

had prescribed, without inquiring further: He was inquisitive, and consulted the Christian divines in Italy; those of them, particularly, who had travelled as Missionaries into India, and were able consequently to confer with him, in his own language: The result of which was, his becoming at length a convert himself, to the Catholic faith, and bringing my mother, soon after, over to the same belief, by the dint of love, precept, and persuasion.

But there were many things, among those people, in their manner, laws, and doctrines; their licensing of stews, and institution of an Inquisition, in open defiance of a Scripture that preaches against harlotry and persecution; which per-

perplexed and diſſatisfied my father's mind; and happening to become acquainted, and converſe familiarly with ſome Engliſh travellers upon theſe ſubjects, he ſoon began to conceive more rational notions of the European religion, and was induced to quit the Continent, and take a voyage over to the Iſland of Great Britain, in queſt of perfect freedom, both from Tyranny, Prieſtcraft, and Superſtition.

In this happy country then, I had the good fortune of being born, and of receiving the principles of my religion *, with the rudiments of my education

* It might have ſaved me ſome needleſs trouble, in works of *ſupererogation*, had I known

cation and manners, my father being my aſſiduous preceptor; and there I lived in perfect joy and innocency, till my dear mother, who had fallen into a decay, ſometime before, gave me her laſt bleſſing, on her death-bed, and on the very day I had attained the age of fifteen. [Here ſhe dropped tears again.]

The tender, fond, and forlorn Almahil, whoſe nature and affections had been early ripened and enriched by the warmth and flavour of an eaſtern ſun, freſh breathing forth the heart inſpiring fragrancies of empyrean bowers, was

known theſe circumſtances, at the time I mention in the firſt part of Chapter XXVI. But ſhe had forgot the forms of her own baptiſm, and did not interrupt the Ceremony.

in-

incapable of bearing his loſs with an European apathy. They had but one ſoul, between them, and from whichſoever of their bodies it ſhould have taken its flight, the other muſt have been left to exiſt upon animal life alone.

He did not long ſurvive his dear Benſerade. He hovered o'er her tomb, and was himſelf her ghoſt, until a living concern and duty drew him for a while, back again to life and love; for becoming ſoon ſenſible of his failing ſtrength, and alarmed about my proviſion and ſafety, he reſolved upon returning to Caſimir, that he might have the ſatisfaction of placing me under the pro-

protection and guardianſhip of my uncle, before he died.

He preſerved juſt life enough to perform his journey, and effect this purpoſe; then with a ſigh expired in my ſuſtaining arms, calling ſtill upon the Spirit of his Benſerade, amidſt my tears of duty, and the wailings of my gratitude and affection!

But filial tenderneſs was not the only ſentiment I had till then experienced. An amiable and accompliſhed young Engliſh Nobleman had declared a paſſion for me, ſome time before, and rendered my heart ſuſceptible of a mutual and ſincere attachment. Love, in Europe, is of a more refined and flatter-

ing

ing nature, than I have unhappily experienced it to be among theſe groſs and barbarous nations, who have, notwithſtanding, and what is very extraordinary, the ſuperiority in every other ſpecies of moral*. There the *Miſtreſs* gives

* Indiana's reflection here, in the latter part of this ſentence, is very true—all the Eaſtern nations carry their ſentiments of charity, benevolence, and humanity, to an enthuſiaſm, far exceeding ours—but in our vindication, let me remark, that this difference ariſes not from their merit, but their misfortune; not from their virtue, but their ſituation. 'Tis ſympathy that generates compaſſion. We naturally feel for thoſe diſtreſſes, which we are alike ſubject to. In thoſe nations of ſlavery, where rank, riches, liberty, and life, depend on the arbitrary will of one man; poverty, degradation, a gaol, or a gibbet

gives the law. Here the *Slave* but receives it.

However, the British Legislature has, by a most unwarrantable contravention, both against God and man, contrived to thwart and counteract this

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bet may be the lot of the most opulent and elevated person, in an hour's time. This strengthens sympathy.

Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

In England, property of every kind is of a more permanent nature, from our constitution of Government. A nobleman, a man of fortune, or an honest man, need not apprehend their ever becoming a plebeian, a beggar, a prisoner, or a victim. Our riches, rank, liberty, and life can be forfeited but by our own fault. This lessens the *magnetism*, when we regard the loss of these goods in others.

chaste

chaſte and virtuous ſympathy of ſoul; for by their Modern Code, neither joint conſent, nor reciprocal affection, nor even equal circumſtances, are ſufficient for a *legal* union, without the further concurrence of certain foreign parties, who have neither a natural, nor a moral intereſt, in the queſtion; or the being arrived at ſuch ſtated ages, as may leave the Lovers at liberty to render each other happy, in ſpite of froward parents, or perverſe guardians.

Lord N—— unhappily wanted a year, of this *parliamentary qualification* for matrimony, and his Truſtee was his *next heir*. I was forced therefore to obey a filial duty, ſince it was not in my Lover's power to ſuperſede it, by

ſubſtituting one of a higher and dearer obligation, in its place. All we had left us then to do, was to exchange our vows, ſwear an eternal fidelity to each other, and join at parting,

"To curſe all laws but thoſe which love
"had made."

There is ſomething inexpreſſibly delightful, in this charming paſſion!

"It is the balm of life,
"And even its pains delightful——What
"muſt then
"Its pleaſures be!" *

I feel more ſatisfaction in the very tears I ſhed in abſence, than in all the joys of mirth I have ever experienced. Its hopes enchant us, and even its

* Amana.

fears

fears augment the tranſport. It inſpires every nobler faculty of the ſoul—'Tis fondneſs, 'tis friendſhip—it makes the miſer generous, and renders the coward brave. 'Tis, finally, the higheſt endowment of human nature.—For reaſon does not ſo far excel inſtinct, as love refines on appetite.

Here ſhe wept, and ſtopped again her tale of woe.

CHAP. XL.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE old queſtion, whether the Arts and Sciences have been beneficial or hurtful to mankind, has been long argued, pro and con, between philoſophers and politicians, without having ever been yet been ultimately reſolved; and indeed, in the manner it has hitherto been diſcuſſed, it muſt neceſſarily remain ſtill problematical, to the end of the chapter; and for this true, though not obvious reaſon, that the diſputants, on both ſides, according to the principles they have each of them laid down, are equally in the right.

right. But then again, they are equally in the wrong, by urging their reſpective arguments too far, and upon merely aſſumed premiſes, too.

Arts and Sciences are not only advantageous, but ſome of them abſolutely neceſſary, to men already formed into ſociety; but they would be not only uſeleſs, but even irkſome, to perſons ſubſiſting ſtill in a ſtate of nature. For any knowledge, beyond what might be exerciſed upon the immediate objects of ſenſe, or the neceſſities of life, would but render an intelligent ſavage melancholy and unhappy.

The preference of a Social State, before the wildneſs of a Foreſt, cannot be

doubted by any one who will not unphilosophically deny that our happiness muſt riſe, in proportion to the perfection of our nature; which is ſooner and better cultivated in communities, than in the deſert waſte.

But Arts and Sciences are charged with introducing luxury into the world, which has been found prejudicial and deſtructive, both to the health and morals of mankind. This I deny. The cauſe and effect are here confounded, together. Luxury is not the *offspring*, but the *parent* of them. They ſtand in the relation of patron and client, to each other; but luxury is the *Mecænas*.

Plu-

Plutarch ſays, "no perſon of reaſon "can impute to the Sciences them- "ſelves, the abuſe that is too often "made of them; which is ſolely to "be charged to the depraved diſpo- "ſitions of thoſe who profane them." This remark is an anſwer to Rouſſeau; and referring it to a higher ſubject, replies to Bolinbroke, and other infidels, alſo.

The queſtion, therefore, I think, ſhould not be, whether the Arts and Sciences have been an advantage, or diſadvantage, to mankind; but which is preferable—a ſocial, or a ſavage ſtate? And then I fancy the diſpute would ſoon be at an end.

CHAP. XLI.

FURTHER INSTANCES OF UNNATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

See Chapters XVIII and XIX.

WITHIN this century, Borello, in his phyſical hiſtory, ſays, "that freſh water craw-fiſh may be re-"generated, by their own powder, "calcined in a crucible, then boiled "in water with a little ſand, and left "to cool, for a few days; when the "animalcula will appear ſwimming "merrily, in the liquor, and muſt be "then nouriſhed with beef blood, "'till they attain the proper ſize to "ſtock your ponds with."

There

There to procreate, I ſuppoſe, in the ordinary, *unſcientific* manner; which in truth they ſhould do for me. They have more idle time on their hands, and why ſhould one be at the trouble of making a parcel of little animals, that can do it themſelves, to the full as well, at leaſt?

The Sieur Pogorios, and Monſieur de Chambulan, both agree with Signior Borello, in the ſame proceſs, affirming their own experience as vouchers of the fact. But they all of them, indeed, join in giving you this philoſophic caution, in the chymiſtry of the matter, that the operation muſt always be performed, *during the full of the moon.*— Which very properly ſeems to hint at the

the influence under which theſe *fiſh-mongers* had framed their *lunar-ſyſtem*; otherwiſe the *Crab*, I ſhould think, would have been a more favourable *ſign* to have ruled the nativity of *Craw-fiſh*.

" So chymiſts boaſt they have a power,
" From the dead aſhes of a flower,
" Some faint reſemblance to produce,
" But not the virtue, taſte, or juice." SWIFT.

But theſe Supernatural Adepts ſcorn to be reſtrained within the narrow pale of Art, but would outrival Nature herſelf, in her moſt favourite act, by performing a feat beyond her power, letting her into the ſecret of a method of propagation, which ſhe had never *dreamed* of—as theſe philoſophers moſt cer-

certainly did—and affording us a demonſtrative proof of a Reſurrection, *ſo as by fire.*

It may poſſibly be from ſuch a hint, as this, that the idea of grinding old women young again, firſt took its riſe. And this I am ſtill further encouraged to believe, from what the learned Rochos ſays, upon this ſubject, in his work intituled, *The* Art *of Nature*—that the aſhes of *Toads* will produce the very ſame effect, as the powder of *Crabs-eyes*. Which I think no leſs than probable, as far as I pretend to be a judge of philoſophy.

Nay, even ſo late as the year fifty, a French Chymiſt, reaſoning, I ſuppoſe, upon

upon that abſurd and unnatural principle of Cæſalpinus, in his comment on Ariſtotle, *Quæcunque ex ſemine fiunt, eadem fieri poſſe ſine ſemine*, affirmed that he had procreated Eels from Rye-meal, or Mutton-broth, ſtopt cloſe in bottles, hermetically ſealed and ſhaken, *quantum ſufficit*—a good way to compaſs the *perpetual motion*. This perſon impoſed, for a conſiderable time, on all the phyſicians and *un*-natural philoſophers, in France, *et alibi*; and I don't know whether they are undeceived, yet, or no.

I forget whether the Pope did not admit a Scrag of Mutton into his Lenten bill of fare, upon this diſcovery, as containing the eſſence of fiſh in its juices;

juices; and adhibit it as a *ſecond* inſtance of Tranſubſtantiation. This adept attempted to found a proof of the *fortuitous concourſe of atoms*, upon this proceſs, by ſhewing that matter and motion was capable of producing animal life. *Ergo*, &c.

But theſe are puerile works, or mere apprentice eſſays, to the manly and maſterly operations of that great chymiſt, *Julius Camillus*, who out-did Nature herſelf; for he made *men and women*, at once, and ſhe can only make *boys and girls*. Several writers, particularly *Amatus Luſitanus*, affirm they have ſeen his phials full of theſe homunculi, or Lilliputian productions, complete in all their parts; and the

great

great *Paracelsus* was so physically convinced of the certainty of the art, that in his treatise, *De rerum naturâ*, he gives you the intire process of performing these *mannikins*. This is certainly the highest of all *philosopher's stones*. The former only makes gold, this makes man. The former only prolongs life, this creates it. That there is only *one way* into the world, but many out of it, was an old saying, in the days of ignorance, it seems——philosophy knows better things, now.

But this is not all. We can bring the dead to life again. Read the following paragraph, taken from the postscript of the St. James's Chronicle, or British Evening Post, N° 1645.

which was tranſlated from the Hague Gazette.

" Mr. *Tuneſtrick*, by origin an Engliſhman, has juſt exhibited at Verſailles, a very ſingular experiment. " He opened the head of a ſheep, and " a horſe, from ſide to ſide, by driving " a large iron wedge into the ſkull, by " means of a mallet; drew the wedge " out afterwards, with pincers, and re-" called the animals to life, by injecting thro' the exterior aperture with " a tin ſyringe, a Spirituous Liquor of " his own compoſition, to which he " attributes ſurprizing effects."

" The taſte of this liquor reſembles " that of *Commanders Balm*."

Here's

Here's a treacherous renegade for you. We are undone if ever we ſhould go to war with the French again.—For as faſt as we knock them in the head, this curſed *Tuneſtrick* comes with his ſyringe and phials, and reſurrects them again, *in a Squirt*; and how pot-valiant will they be, after they have gotten a *ſup in their heads!* So that *Hudibras*'s philoſophy,

" But he that is in battle ſlain,
" Will never riſe to fight again,"

goes for nothing, now. For dead men, as it ſeems, may riſe again, like *Bays*'s troops, or the Savages in the Fantocini; and the expreſſion in Dryden's Ode, of *thrice he ſlew the ſlain*, may poſſibly

possibly become a mere literal fact, in future.

'Tis true indeed that the Article does not say the experiment had been yet tried upon a Frenchman's brain; but I don't think it will be any great straining of anatomy, to suppose that what may be good for a sheep's head, may serve as well for his.

I see plainly now the reason of the King of France reducing his forces, so greatly, of late; for an handful of men make an army, under the present manœuvre. Leonidas would not have left Xerxes a soldier alive, if *Tuveſtrick* had been but the Surgeon of his regiment; for all the mischief that the Persian

fabres could have done, on that famous day, would be only to have given the Spartans a head-ach. What a ſhame for our miniſtry, to let Lewis get ſuch an advantage of us! But nothing can go right, I'm convinced of it, 'till Wilkes or I get the lead.

In fine, after the manner that theſe Promethean, theſe Pigmalion, theſe Deucalion Artiſts are proceeding, we may expect ſoon to ſee the good old-fashioned method of propagation grown quite out of uſe, and only to be heard of in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, among exploded ſyſtems, as an *obſolete act of Nature*. And we may then have reaſon to ſay of men in general, what the woman of a Coffee-houſe

did of a certain numerous family once, in London, one or other of whom people were inquiring for, every day, at her bar; *there are more F—ds here, said she, I believe, than ever God made.*

CHAP. XLII.

A NEW PLEASURE.

AMONG the many curious and extraordinary things I have met with, in life and literature, both in natural and *un*-natural philoſophy, there is one particular, in a book lately publiſhed, that has ſurprized me more than all the reſt. Firſt, in the article itſelf; and next, in not finding it taken notice of, in any of the Magazines or Reviews, though they have given accounts and opinions, upon almoſt every other article of that work.

The writing I mean is ſtiled *The poſthumous Works of a late Celebrated Genius, deceaſed,*

deceaſed, ſuppoſed to have been written by the late Doctor Sterne, author of Triſtram Shandy, Yorick's Sermons, and the Sentimental Journey. The paſſage I allude to, is among the *Memorabilia*, or third and laſt diviſion of the work; N° 188. vol. II.

"I am in poſſeſſion (ſays the author) "of a faculty, at any time I pleaſe, "of communicating *a ſenſible pleaſure* "to myſelf, without action, idea, or "reflection; by ſimple volition, only. "The ſenſation is in a degree between "feeling and titillation, and reſembles "the thrilling which permeates the "joints of the body upon ſtretching "and yawning."

Here is a Secret in philoſophy, ſurely well worth a king's ranſom, and the curioſity of mankind. To have a new pleaſure added to the too ſcanty portion of our innocent ones, were indeed, *a conſummation devoutly to be wiſhed!* And yet the ſupine public have remained in a ſtate of lethargy, about it, ever ſince; while they continued ſtaring, with their mouths wide open, at the "mock war between the "prieſt and devil," or the political prize-fight, betwixt the *Johnnys*, who mounted the ſtage, for ſome time, by turns, in the Public Advertiſer, every day.

I confeſs that the moment I read the above paſſage, my heart bounded within

within me, as if I had juſt heard ſome extraordinary good news, or other—as, in truth, it really is. I longed to know the certainty of the art, and to experience the pleaſure of the practice.

I flew in haſte to Meſſieurs Richardſons, in Fleet-ſtreet, where the books were printed; to Almon's, in Piccadilly, Pearch's, in Cheapſide, and Robinſon and Roberts, in Paternoſter-row, where they were publiſhed, in order to find out the author.

But all my inquiries were in vain. They every one agreed, in the ſame ſtory, that the work was really Mr. Sterne's, who had died about a twelvemonth before, and had probably car-

ried this ſecret with him to the grave.—Thence riſing to enhance the joys of amorous Seraphims.——For let your Formaliſts ſay what they will, I can ſee no reaſon why a Joker may not go to heaven, *in ſpite of the devil*, though he be a parſon.

This ſpecies of *anti-plagiariſm* of Mr. *Tria Juncta in uno*, as he ſtiles himſelf, who pretends to the character only of *publiſher*, has not paſſed upon the Printers and Bookſellers, alone, but upon all the Critical and Monthly Reviewers, alſo, I find. This has ſurprized me, I own—for I had not got through half the firſt volume, before I detected the impoſition.

It is not Sterne's manner, but only like him, *after a manner*. He hops away, indeed, as he does, from ſubject to ſubject; but then, as is ſaid of Hamlet's mock-phrenſy, "there is a "method in his madneſs." Triſtram has no document—Tria is full of it. Triſtram has no religion *, whatever Yoric might have had—read Tria's twenty-third chapter, *et alibi*. Triſtram, now and then, ſighs you out ſome tender breathings of humanity, and good-will; but Tria gives you frequent precepts of benevolence and charity.

* I ſpeak here only of his book, not his faith.

Upon

Upon the whole, and on a fair compariſon of theſe two writers, what was ſaid by ſomebody of Swift, may be juſtly applied to Tria, *that he was Rabelais in his ſenſes.*

Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum.

But to return to my fond purſuit, and as I have no way to come at the knowledge of the writer, but by a public Advertiſement, I do hereby give notice, that if he, the aforeſaid *Tria Juncta in uno*, will acquaint me, by a ſealed note left with my Bookſeller, when and where I may have the pleaſure of waiting on him, and will promiſe to initiate me into this charming myſtery, I am ready and willing to make him any manner of compenſation

tion he may demand. He ſhall firſt be informed of my utmoſt means and powers, and may then be at liberty to ſet his own price on the ſecret; which I promiſe to receive and preſerve as one.

Tiberius proclaimed a premium for the diſcovery of *a new pleaſure*. How unlucky for us that *Tria* did not live in his days. How much happier would the world have been, ever ſince! What an enchanting thing muſt a ſenſuality, without ſatiety, be, for one's whole life! For as there requires nothing more, on the word of this philoſopher, than mere volition, only, to the compaſſing of this enjoyment, *Sic volo, ſic jubeo*, would certainly have been

been the conſtant motto of mankind, ever ſince.

But poſſibly we might not have been any thing the better for it, after all, though it ſhould have been communicated to the Emperor, at that time. Your former kings were but a ſelfiſh ſort of folks; their deifications elevating them too much above mankind, to ſuffer the powers of ſympathy or attraction to operate upon their equivocal natures, or *demi-Godſhips*. How unhappy for thoſe princes, whoſe pride, or falſe meaſure of things, has ſtationed beyond the ſpheres of ſuch activities!

'Tis

'Tis probable, therefore, that Tiberius might have preſerved an excluſive property, in this ſecret, to himſelf and heirs; have aſſumed it as a ſpecial prerogative of Royalty, which it would have been declared treaſon to have meddled with, and ſo left it among the *arcana imperii*, to the ſucceeding Emperors of Rome; conſequently it would have long ſince devolved to their *Infallibilities* of that City, and have brought their Holineſſes a greater revenue, than all their other *indulgences*.

Alexander, you know, expreſſed a jealouſy of his preceptor Ariſtotle, for publiſhing the ſciences he had taught him. He would have made a monopoly of knowledge, as well as of

empire.

empire. He would have been the *univerſal monarch*, in each. But both of theſe ambitions proceeded from a poorneſs of ſpirit, and a meanneſs of ſentiment. He knew not how to be *great*, but by being *greateſt*—and his heroiſm aroſe from a want of magnanimity—not daring to think himſelf ſafe, while it remained in the power of an other to cope with him. So much by the way, for Alexander *the little*.

" Mais le ſuccès a fait leur gloire ;
" Et ſi le ſceau de la victoire
" N'eut conſacré ces demi-dieux,
" Alexandre, aux yeux du vulgaire,
" N'auroit été qu'un temeraire,
" Et Cæſar qu'un ſeditieux."

LA MOTTE.

Our

Our James the First too, had conceived ſomewhat of the ſame ſelfiſh notion with other princes. Is he not reported to have ſaid, that there was a pleaſure too great for a ſubject? Quere, Did he grudge this *Cacoëthes ſcrubbandi* to his minion *Stenny*? — — —

from the world; and I doubt not, therefore, but that as ſoon as this invitation ſhall come to his hand, he will forthwith publiſh his *volition*, his *good-will*, to all the ſons and daughters of men; and that he will ſcorn to rank this ſecret among the numerous claſs of Quack Noſtrums that ſwarm about, by ſuing out a Patent to impoſe on the Credulity of the Public.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIII.

PRIVATE HISTORY concluded.

See Chapters XII and XXIII.

HAVING the charge of our own fortune on our hands, is attended with a good deal of thought, care, and anxiety. I muſed much on this ſubject, framed many ſchemes, for the purpoſe, engaged in them with ſpirit, and purſued them with indefatigability. But I had no credit for my induſtry. My plans were ſomewhat out of the common road of life, and I was deemed *a projector*.

Though I could not fairly be called ſo, in the abuſed ſenſe of the word;

for all my attempts might paradoxically have been ſtiled *Adventures, without hazard.*—I ſtaked nothing, myſelf, but time and diligence, which if you do not ſpend, you cannot ſave; and might be ſaid rather to have played at the Game of Croſs, I win—Pile, I only miſs.

Thoſe who know me can fill up this unhappy chaſm, and to thoſe who do not, the detail would be unintereſting—to ſome impertinent—not to pay them a compliment.

How-

However, this was not my only misfortune—I was diſappointed of ſucceſs, in all my endeavours, though one of them happened unluckily to bear ſuch plauſible appearances of an happy iſſue, that its failure was cruelly imputed to my own want of care or conduct.

This is too much the way of the world. We liberally forgive our own faults, and balance the *per contra*, by ſhewing not the leaſt mercy to thoſe of others. Ovid is very ſevere, againſt ſuch kind of judgments:

——————— *Careat ſucceſſibus opto,*
Quiſquis, ab eventû, facta notanda putat.

Says the heathen; but I am not ſo uncharitable as to join in ſuch an unchriſ-

tian prayer, and only mean to hint the moral, without the curſe.

The mortifications and diſappointments I have met with, and the unlucky conſequences attending them, having at length quelled all further ſpirit of adventure, in me, I acquieſced in my misfortunes, without repining, and reſigned myſelf up intirely to my favourite occupations of contemplation and ſtudy; for by this time I had become maſter of ſome books beyond a *wig-box library*, or *a newspaper literature* *.

Yet even here, cenſure did not ſubſide. I was in hopes that when I had

* See Chapter XXIII, paragraph firſt.

for-

forborn all further project, and had quite retired from buſy life, no new objection could have been raiſed up againſt me.—But in this vain hope I ſoon found myſelf miſtaken—for the very perſons who had before condemned my former activity, now blamed my preſent indolence.—So that by the very ſame people I have been accuſed both for being a projector, and for not being one.

Here I might aptly enough introduce the Spaniſh Tale, of a father, a ſon, and a mule, paſſing together through the city of Saragoſſa, or Valladolid—no matter which.—But as I ſuppoſe the ſtory to be ſufficiently known, already, I ſhall haſten on to the moral

of it, which repeated experience, in my own caſe, with other frequent obſervations on life, have fully verified, that there is ſuch a *diſorder*, in human nature, as *fault-finding*. An *indiſpoſition*, rather than a *depravity*. A bad humour of the body, more than any vice in the mind.

For did it proceed from a ſpirit of *envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableneſs*, to which it has, hitherto, moſt unphiloſophically, been imputed, it might at leaſt be able to avoid the being ſo very inconſiſtent and abſurd, as it is ſo frequently obſerved to be. The ſame people ſurely could never, as in the Muleteer's Caſe and mine, cenſure a perſon for doing, and

for

for not doing, the very ſame thing. To what then can ſuch a contradiction be poſſibly attributed, but to the unaccountable ebullition of ſome fretful or fermenting humour in the juices?

I therefore look upon this vicious habit of cenſure, to be really *a diſtemper*, which like an ague, produces contrary effects; making us, by turns, both ſhiver and burn; or a fever, which ariſes equally from oppoſite cauſes; from heat, as well as cold.

I hope, therefore, in charity, that *the Faculty* will ſoon begin to take theſe unhappy *patients* under their tender conſideration, and think of preſcribing proper medicines for ſo extraordinary *a*

diſeaſe, in their next London Diſpenſatory. Might not *Tar-water* be the beſt Recipe, on this occaſion; which, as the good Biſhop ſays, has the faculty of warming phlegm, and cooling flame, at the ſame time?

But the ſtudious and ſequeſtered life I generally lead, has been alſo an other ſtumbling-block of offence, to theſe *purulent fault-finders*. "'Tis ſingular," they cry—"What an affectation of "learning! and yet I warrant there "are people in the world, full as wiſe "as he, who never read a line—What "fruits do we perceive of all this ſtudy "and pains-taking? When will he "publiſh? Is he going to tranſlate any

"of

"of thoſe *outlandiſh books* he is for ever "poring upon?" &c.

But have I neglected any one moral, or ſocial duty, all the while? Was not my head, my heart, my hand, my purſe too—*while I had one*—at the ſervice of every friend, nay even a ſtranger? and what time did I ever beſtow upon ſuch occupations? Thoſe mornings only that other men loiter in Coffee-houſes, or dedicate to Field-ſports; and thoſe evenings too, which they ſacrifice to drink, or play.

I think then that I may now fairly wind up this paragraph, with an expoſtulation from Cicero, on the ſame

same subject—*Quis reprehendet noſtrum otium, qui in eo non modo noſmet ipſos hebeſcere et languere nolumus, ſed etiam ut plurimis proſimus nitimur?*

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIV.

NAPIER's RODS.

I WAS amuſing myſelf, this morning, with a ſort of mechanical arithmetic, ſtiled *Napier's Rods*; which is a method of performing queſtions in multiplication or diviſion, as alſo of extracting the Square and Cube Roots, by the help of inſtruments, ſomewhat like the *Sliding Rules* for gauging and meaſuring of timber, contrived for the purpoſes of arithmetic, and propoſed to be made uſe of for expediting of calculations in numbers.

I ſhall not encumber this chapter with a deſcription of theſe *Shifting Tables*, as

as I do not mean to teach their ſervices to the unlearned; but only deſign to give my opinion to thoſe who happen to be already acquainted with them, that they appear to me to be rather curious, than uſeful, and may not improperly be defined, *a difficult method of doing an eaſy thing*.

However, theſe Rods would be very uſeful in forwarding *Learners* in arithmetic; and for this purpoſe I recommend them ſtrongly. For this ſcience is rather too abſtracted a ſtudy for tender minds; and theſe *Laminæ* might engage the attention of youth, where reaſoning would but diſtract it. As it has been found by experience that the

Conic

Conic Sections are ſooner taught by the *Solids*, than by *Diagrams*.

For children are obſerved generally to be fonder of learning to write, becauſe it is a mechanical exerciſe, than they are of reading, which is an intellectual one. And in this caſe I would have the plates ſquared and divided, as uſual, though in reality not neceſſary to the operations, but the more to amuſe and excite the curioſity of the pupil.

The practice of theſe Tables may be rendered a kind of play, to beginners, to the full as entertaining as any of the childiſh ones they are taught to divert themſelves with. And in truth I have often thought it very poſſible

for

for a good mechanical genius to contrive inſtruments or devices of ſport, that might be able to carry the great point of the *utile dulci* with them, and teach the whole circle of arts and ſciences, by exerciſing the mind through the amuſements of fancy.

There are ſeveral *Tricks*, as they are called, on cards, and many other diverſions fit to entertain youth with, that depend on mathematical knowledge and philoſophy; and when the effects are pleaſing, one is the more inquiſitive about the cauſe.

This may lead them on, by degrees, to more abſtruſe, though equally pleaſant, inveſtigations of ſcience, be the reference

reference to what it may. For ſuch is the nature of truth, that it charms and captivates the mind, as much in the contemplation of atoms, as of worlds.

Theſe contrivances need be but ſimple, for the inſtruction of children; as a *Totum*, for inſtance, marked with the four *cardinal points*; the ſpindle to be called *the poles*, and its whirling marked out as the circulation of the heavens on their axis. But for more adult years, the artifice ſhould be perfectly ingenious, to rival the higher occupations, of cards, dice, or baggammon; to which the preſent race of mankind dedicate their whole application.

And

And here, beſides the poverty of ideas, anxiety of mind, proſtitution of time and temper, with the injury of morals, health, and fortune, that may, by the means of the avocations I have above recommended, be avoided, I will venture to affirm, that any young Maſter, or Miſs, *of faſhion about town*, might, in a much ſhorter time, and with leſs exerciſe of intellect, become perfectly ſkilled in the whole ſcience of Aſtronomy, than would intitle them to *cut in*, at Shilling Whiſt, or Six-penny Quadrille.

Might not, for inſtance, *the Signs of the Zodiac* be ſubſtituted for the twelve *coat*, or as ſome ſatirically ſtile them, *Court cards*, kings, queens, and *knaves*; the

the ſun and moon for *honours*, an *orbit* for a Game, and an *eccliſpe* for a Vole? The *fixed ſtars* may ſtand for Spade baſtos; and the *planets* ſhift for Manilles.

The effects of the company we keep, upon our minds, may be compared to the tyranny of *Procruſtes*, who is ſaid to adapt his captives to the dimenſions of a certain bed, either by curtailing, or extending their ſize. Our occupations too, have the ſame power of enlarging, or contracting our ideas; and both together affect our morals, as climates do our bodies——For as the air becomes more or leſs elaſtic, our nerves loſe, or recover their ſpring.

It muſt then be a matter of the *laſt* conſequence *, to give a certain elevation to the amuſements of a nation; which as I hinted before, I think may be poſſible to manage with ſuch addreſs, that our knowledge and underſtanding, like the health and vigour obtained by rural ſports, might be increaſed, in proportion to the number of our pleaſures.

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* Nothing can ſhew the imperfection of common ſpeech more than the ſaying a thing is of the *laſt* import, when we mean the *firſt*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLV.

THE THREE ANGLES OF EVERY TRIANGLE EQUAL TO FOUR RIGHT ONES.

TO have never been in an error, in philoſophy or opinion, is certainly the character of a very poor genius. 'Tis a ſign that we had not ſpirit or reflection enough ever to think, for ourſelves. This latter part of the ſentence, is, I grant you, the way perhaps to think wrong; but 'tis the only way, probably, to think right alſo; which, believe me, no one ever did, who had not often thought amiſs.

In conſequence of this maxim, I own that I live in daily expectation of

having ſome extraordinary and uſeful diſcovery publiſhed to the world, by that great *contra mundum* philoſopher, *Jean Jacques Rouſſeau*, that will *elevate and ſurprize* mankind; as he is already arrived to the higheſt Form, in the *Gueſſing-School* I have been above recommending.

His notion that the propoſition of a Deity ſhould not be tendered to *Emilius*, his ideal pupil, 'till he was arrived to an adult age, is admirable, in this kind. He argues, perhaps from the common obſervation, that men are fonder of new opinions, as well as new faſhions, than the old; and love the children of their advanced years, preferably to thoſe of their youth, be-

cauſe,

cauſe, I ſuppoſe, it flatters their manhood more. But then, again, he condeſcends to agree with the common ſenſe of mankind, in one article, by ſaying, "that a hermit, ſecluded in a "deſert, from books, inſtructions, or "*women*, would be *chaſte*, while he "continued in ſuch circumſtances*."

Now, as this is the firſt book I ever wrote, and will, probably, be the laſt I ſhall ever utter, I ſhould be aſhamed to quit the preſs, without hazarding ſome problem or other, againſt the common received principles of ſcience, which may ſerve to diſtinguiſh me from the members of a large club I

* Æmilius.

belong to, who ſeem to be perſons, who, in any ſenſe of the expreſſions, *never were wrong*, in their whole lives.

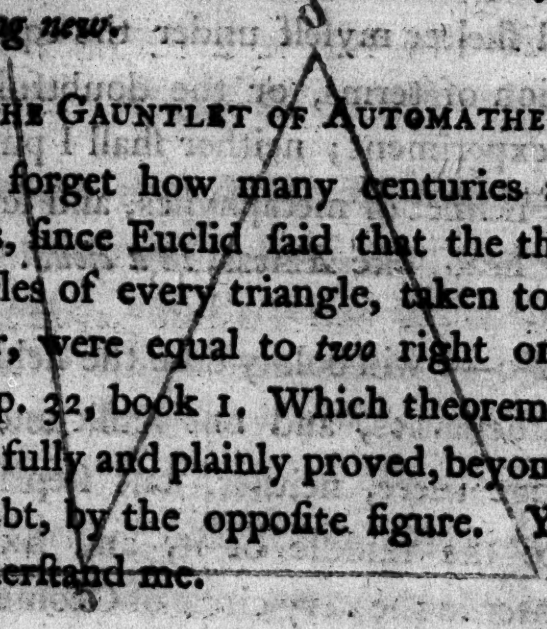
Beſides, indeed, I think, that I owe ſome thing of this kind, to the world, in general, and I ſcorn to die in their debt. For how many theſes and poſitions, in philoſophy, polity, morality, and theology, have I challenged, in the courſe of this work? And ought I not in juſtice to give thoſe authors I have attacked, if alive, or their executors, if dead, ſome fair opportunity of a repriſal? *Fiat juſtitia*, then, without further loſs of time.

And to ſhew you now, how open and candid an adverſary I am, I ſhall ſcorn

ſcorn to take up the ſhield of phyſics, and ſhelter myſelf under the equivocation of terms, or the doubtfulneſs of experiment; neither ſhall I put on the helmet of metaphyſics, and ſcreen my head, like Æneas, *in a cloud*.

No—I will boldly take the field, in mathematics, and not ſculk under a hedge there, neither, but ſtep forth into the middle of it, and fix my center in the very circle of Geometry; where I ſhall ſtand ſo open, on all ſides, that if I ſhould not be as invulnerable as Achilles, I ſhall not be able to defend myſelf againſt the hoſt of ſurrounding aſſailants I muſt expect to be attacked by.—Sophiſms in Logic, are common, but one in Mathe-

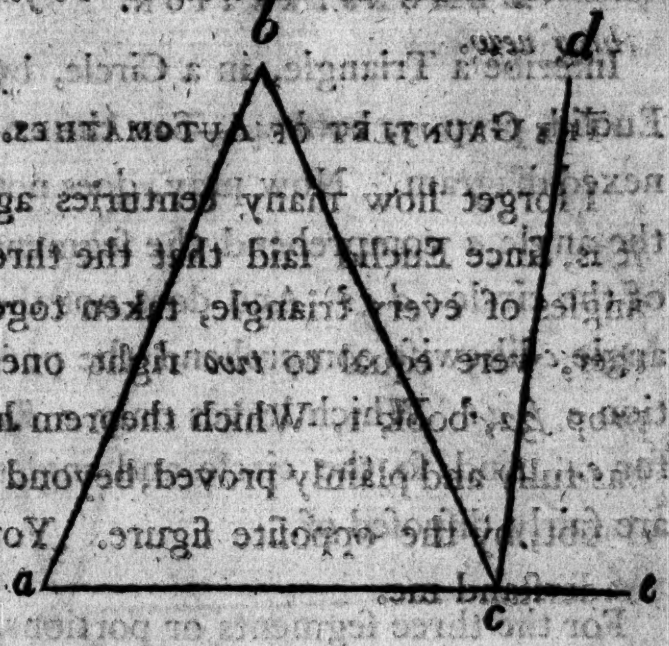
matics, muſt be allowed to be *ſome thing new.*



THE GAUNTLET OF AUTOMATHES.

I forget how many centuries ago it is, ſince Euclid ſaid that the three angles of every triangle, taken together, were equal to *two* right ones, prop. 32, book 1. Which theorem he has fully and plainly proved, beyond a doubt, by the oppoſite figure. You underſtand me.

Now



Now in this particular the honeſt old fellow certainly told truth; but then I ſay that he only ſpoke half of it. For I think that it may be as fully proved, that the ſum of the three angles of every triangle, amounts to juſt *four* right ones.

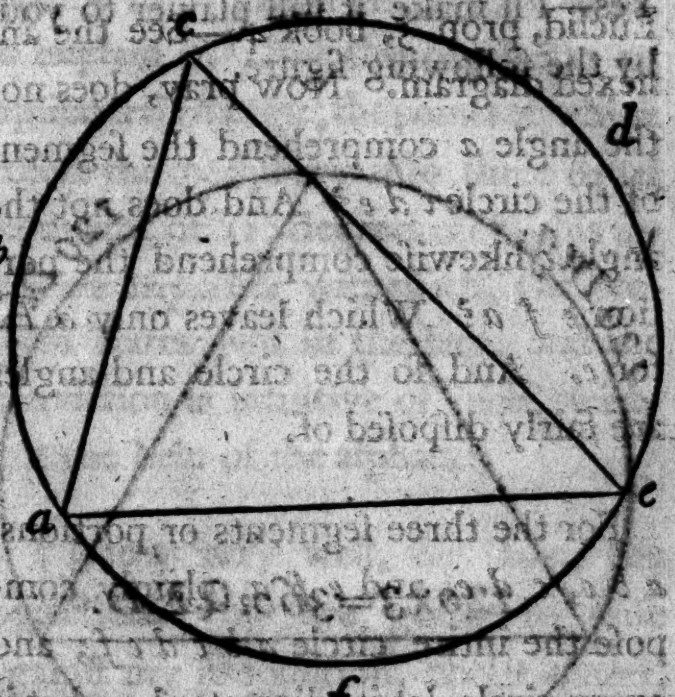
De-

DEMONSTRATION.

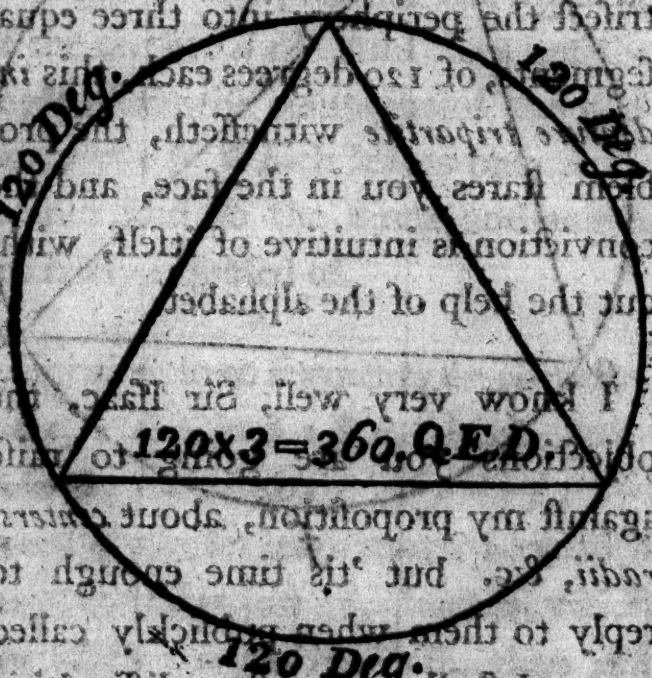
Inſcribe a Triangle, in a Circle, by Euclid, prop. 5, book 4.—See the annexed diagram. Now pray, does not the angle *a* comprehend the ſegment of the circle *c d e*? And does not the angle *c* likewiſe comprehend the portion *e f a*? Which leaves only *a b c* for *e*. And ſo the circle and angles are fairly diſpoſed of.

For the three ſegments or portions, *a b c*, *c d e*, and *e f a*, plainly compoſe the intire circle *a b c d e f*; and every circle, let its diameter be what it may, contains juſt 360 degrees, which are neither more, nor leſs, than juſt the ſum total of *four* right angles. *Quod erat demonſtrandum.*

Can


c
d
b
a
e
f

Can any propoſition in the mathematics be plainer proved, than this? Yes—I'll make it full plainer to you, by the following figure.



The former diagram being a *Scalenum*, required all the terms of a demonſtration to be paſſed through, in order to explain it. But this one being an equilateral triangle, the points of which triſect the periphery into three equal ſegments, of 120 degrees each, this *indenture tripartite* witneſſeth, the problem ſtares you in the face, and the conviction is intuitive of itſelf, without the help of the alphabet.

I know very well, Sir Iſaac, the objections you are going to raiſe againſt my propoſition, about *centers*, *radii*, &c. but 'tis time enough to reply to them when publickly called upon. I ſhall neither ſtart difficulties, nor ſtart from them.

What use I purpoſe to make of this propoſition, toward the diſcovery of the Longitude, which I am now engaged in, would be too prematurely revealed here; and ſhall therefore be referred for a diſtinct treatiſe I deſign ſoon to publiſh, as a previous tract, which I am promiſed to have inſerted as an *article* in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, for the enſuing year. This will, I think, ſufficiently intitle me to ſign *F. R. S.* for the reſt of my life.

In the mean time, *I take the liberty to inſiſt, and do inſiſt* *, on my theorem, *that the ſum of the three Angles of every Triangle, is equal to* four *right ones*.—

* Phraſeology of Law pleading.

And

And so I shall beg leave to conclude, and I do conclude, in the words of Horace, on the same subject,

Ille, terrarum mihi præter omnes,
Angulus ridet,

CHAP. XLVI.

THE CALENDAR.

See Chapter XXXVII.

IFMAMIJASOND. This is a word I framed myſelf, when I was a child, by way of remembering the order and ſucceſſion of the months of the year, as it is framed from the initials of them, beginning, in the uſual courſe, with *January*.

I contrived various devices of this ſort, in my youth, for my own uſe, and would have brought *the art of memory* to great perfection, long before this, if I had not ſoon begun to conſider that nothing was worth getting

by

by heart, which did not make that heart the better, and that nothing was worth remembering, which was incapable of applying to some moral, or a reflection. Dates and facts but incumber the mind, without improving it. 'Tis by *exercise* we obtain ſtrength, and maintain health, not by *carrying of loads*.

For which reaſon I have ſtruck chronology, circumſtances, and incident quite out of my ſtudy of hiſtory; for though theſe things may ſerve to the conduct, illuſtration, or entertainment of it, they are but little neceſſary to the true purpoſe of ſuch reading; which is the knowledge of *man*, not of *men*; in the *abſtract*, and not in

the *detail*; of mankind in nature, and in polity, not in the diſtinction of character, or private life; of the ſpecies, not the individual; in what they all agree, not wherein they differ.

Does not ſomebody ſtile hiſtory, *morality teaching by examples?* The idea had been better expreſſed, if the more comprehenſive term of *philoſophy* had been uſed, inſtead of *morality*. The only way of ſtudying hiſtory with advantage, is to attend to the principles and conſtitution of government, and the moral, or political cauſes of the declenſion of ſtates, or revolutions of empires. To read it with any other view, is merely to amuſe ourſelves with a romance. And in that caſe,

Her-

Hercules was a greater hero than Alexander, and Orondates than Cæſar.

There are ſome ſtudies, indeed, which require, becauſe they depend upon, memory. Languages, for inſtance. This is an art, not a ſcience; and the rules of grammar muſt be remembered; for many of them depend not upon reaſon—Upon which account, I think that the man who turned the Latin ſyntax into verſe, had more merit than all the poets of Greece, or Rome. Lilly is, therefore, preferable to Homer and Virgil. I love to ſpeak extravagantly, or *à la Rouſſeau*, ſometimes.

But under this head of *Calendar*, give me leave to preſent you with a

method I was once taught by a friend, of diſtinguiſhing the thirty, and the thirty-one-day months, from each other, by the poſition of one hand, only.

THE RULE.

Thumb up, index down, middle finger up, fourth finger down, and little finger up. See the annexed figure.

EXPLANATION.

The erect digits ſtand up for the thirty-one days, and the couchant lie down for the thirty; beginning with March, on the thumb, and repeating them all round, till you finiſh with January, on the thumb again.

The

The Month of February, you ſee, will be here left out; but you can eaſily remember that it conſiſts generally of only twenty-eight days, but on the *biſſextile*, or Leap-year, of twenty-nine.

The old Almanack lines anſwer the ſame purpoſe, too.

" Thirty days hath September,
" April, June, and November;
" And all the reſt have thirty-one,
" Excepting February alone.

CHAP. XLVII.

STATE OF NATURE.

IT appears to me very ſtrange that Hobbes and Locke ſhould both agree in this idea, *that juſtice is but the offspring of political law.* Monteſquieu ſays very well, " that to affirm juſtice " and injuſtice to have taken their riſe " from poſitive inſtitution, only, is to " ſay, that before the firſt tracing of a " circle, the radii were not equal." Was logic or reaſon firſt?

The writers on Government certainly carry their prejudices too far, in denying the obligation of moral duties, to a ſtate of nature. They are not aware

aware how dangerous a thing it is to diſtinguiſh between polity and ethics. This is, in effect, to ſap the very foundation of all Government itſelf.

A ſtate of nature is a peaceable one: there were no wars among men, till after the eſtabliſhment of ſociety. We quarrel not for general property, but for excluſive poſſeſſions.

The ſtate of nature is a ſocial one, and Legiſlation but the reſult of this aſſociation. The firſt ariſes from the paſſions and affections of mankind, and the latter from the reaſon and expediency of the thing itſelf—not to create juſtice, but to guard againſt injuſtice.—But neither of them are the con-

contrivances of art, or of arbitrary ſyſtem: For the laws of nations are but thoſe of nature, guarantied by civil ſanctions.

Thoſe who ſpeak of a ſtate of nature, think of men as of *oran outangs*; and thoſe that treat of legiſlation, ſeem to conſider them * as angels. In ſhort, like Prometheus, they make to themſelves *a lad of wax*, of their own, and leave the man of nature quite out of the creation.

But would it not be a ſhorter and a juſter anſwer to ſuch ignorant and unnatural philoſophers, to deny that there is any ſuch thing poſſible as a ſtate of

* The Legiſlators.

nature,

nature, according to their Definition of one? Man loves woman, and woman loves man. Parents love their offspring, and their affection is reciprocal. Children love their brothers and ſiſters. Neighbours connect themſelves with one another, by the ties of friendſhip, or for their mutual defence and convenience.

Here is a ſociety already formed, by nature. Legiſlation does not create theſe affections, or frame theſe connections. Its ſole province is merely to contrive and eſtabliſh rules of juſtice and decorum for the joint good of a community firſt in being, and which human laws could never have compelled to exiſt, if the natural ſympathy

thy of mankind had not originally led them into ſuch an union.

The ingenious author of a French tract, intituled, *The Theory of agreeable Senſations*, ſays, " that the generality " of philoſophers, inſtead of taking " their ideas of beings from their real " natures, have formed their notions " of them from their own prejudices " and opinions. Seated in their cloſets " they have pretended to dive into the " hidden receſſes of Providence, reſem- " bling the hero of Cervantes mounted " on a wooden horſe, with his eyes " bound up. In this manner they " imagine they have traverſed the uni- " verſe; and then arbitrarily deter-

" mine

"mine the nature of all beings, out
" of their own heads, assigning to
" each their respective properties, and
" functions."

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVIII.

INDIANA concluded.

See Chapter XXXIX. laſt line.

SHE wiped away the tears from her lovely blue eyes, and thus went on,

Soon after my return to Caſimir, my uncle being ſummoned to attend the Great Mogul, at Agra, on a convention of the ſeveral ſtates of that extenſive empire, in order to celebrate his birth-day, and *weigh his perſon*, took me in his train to a Court, the gorgeouſneſs and magnificence of which exceeds all other human grandeur, and well may be ſtiled the very *Palace of the Sun*.

My

My dear father and preceptor had taught me to make reflections upon every object in life or nature. When I compared the minute diſplay of royalty, at the Britiſh court, with the dazzling glory of an Oriental Exhibition, I was aſtoniſhed to conſider the ſuperiority, notwithſtanding, of the former, in reſpect to power and influence, among the nations of the earth.

It cannot be from their extent of territory, thought I, or the greatneſs of their numbers. Like the little ſtate of Sparta they muſt owe their weight in the political balance, to virtue, diſcipline, and regimen of manners, alone. Greece long withſtood the millions of

Perſia,

Perſia, both of men and money; but once invaded by its effeminacy, its genius, its character, its very name ſurvived, in tradition only. For opulence miſpent in idleneſs, riot, or ſenſual debauchery, may be conſidered but as an importation of locuſts and caterpillars, a plague and affliction to the land.

Whenever any nation begins to adopt the manners and cuſtoms of a foreign one, they are half conquered already.—When Darius changed the faſhion of his ſword to that of the Macedonians, the ſooth-ſayers propheſied the ſubjection of his empire to that people *.

* Think of theſe things, ye Britons, and beware of France.

Thus, ſhould our eaſtern luxury, extravagance, and diſſipation, be once let looſe, among that handful of people, in that ſpot of earth, their conſequence would be ſoon annihilated; their domain be loſt in the ſmalleſt of our provinces, and their thouſands ſwallowed up in our myriads.

But my attention was ſoon called off, to a ſubject more intereſting to myſelf; for my uncle came running into my chamber, one morning, in a great hurry, to wiſh me joy of the Emperor's having juſt then pronounced me the honour of his bed; telling me that a mandate had been iſſued to have me treated as a Sultana, for the future, and that he was extremely happy in

having the opportunity of being the first to pay his homage to me, on my exaltation.

I had imagined my wretchedness complete, on my leaving England; but I felt myself infinitely more miserable, upon this unfortunate event. Love is superior to all human elevation. How much stronger still must the attachment be, where virtue binds the obligation. My affections had been already given away, my faith plighted to an other; and the empire of the world should not have bribed me to a perjury, or an infidelity.

I urged these principles and considerations, backed with tears and supplications,

pilcations, to my uncle, and peremptorily refuſed the Emperor's proffer; but 'tis hard to ſay whether the Omrah's ſurprize or rage were greateſt, upon this occaſion. He had been bred a ſlave, in a nation where there is but one perſon free, and where 'tis thought an honour and a duty for men to proſtrate, and for women to proſtitute, themſelves, at the ſlighteſt nod of their tyrant. I had felt other affections, had learned higher duties, and been educated under nobler principles.

But it had been vain to have argued with his abject ſuperſtition, upon ſuch new and foreign notions; eſpecially in a caſe where his two ſtrongeſt paſſions were ſo deeply intereſted—his pride,

and fear. His mean ſoul looked on my being doomed a victim to the royal ſeraglio, as an elevation to his family, and dreaded the Deſpot's reſentment, againſt himſelf, ſhould the offer be diſdained.

The neceſſity of ſome ſituations may palliate diſingenuous means of redreſs. I foreſaw no other method of avoiding force, but by a feigned compliance; and therefore, after a little farther heſitation, in order to ſave appearances, pretending to be conquered or convinced, I made my uncle completely happy, by telling him that I was ready to accept of the high honour intended for me; which being announced at court, I immediately received the compliments

pliments of all the Omrahs, Rayahs, Prieſts, and great officers of the ſtate; as is uſual, upon ſuch occaſions; and the next day was fixed upon for taking my ſtation in the ſeraglio.

I had formed my reſolution, on the ſudden. I thought it was but juſt that a nation ſhould lend me their aſſiſtance, in ſupport of the principles I had received among them; and as I had before heard that there was an Engliſh colony ſettled at Patna, in the neighbourhood of Agra, I purpoſed to fly thither, in the night, and claim the protection of that free, generous, and gallant people, againſt injuſtice, ſuperſtition, and arbitrary power.

I communicated my deſign to the faithful Achmet, who had been my father's page, in the Caliph's court at Bagdad, and had followed the fortunes of our family, ever ſince. He quickly provided fit accommodations for our flight: we diſguiſed ourſelves in dreſſes we had worn in England, and ſet out together, that very evening, juſt at the cloſe of day.

We travelled all the night, without ſtopping for the leaſt refreſhment, either of food or reſt, attended by an experienced guide, and have happily arrived here before any purſuit has been able to overtake us, juſt at the morning's dawn, when the Sun about

to

to rife was drawing back the fable curtains of the night.

I had the good fortune to be directed to you as the principal merchant in this factory, and have already placed myſelf under your kind guardianſhip and protection, in order to be ſheltered from violence and oppreſſion, and to be conveyed back again to England; hoping there to find that my dear Lord N—— has outlived the *legal tyranny* I have before explained, and that his love and conſtancy have alſo ſurvived both that and abſence too.

I then aſſured the fair tender Indiana of a fond parent's ſolicitude and attention to her perſon and fortunes; while

ſhe emoved with gratitude and joy, firſt kneeled to receive my bleſſing, then ſpringing up on her feet, caught me in her lovely enfolding arms, and preſſed me to her ſoft, warm, and panting boſom, with ſo much youthful energy, that it awoke me, and the dear Phantaſma flitted from my embrace.

I ruminated for ſome time on my viſion, regretted that it ſo ſoon had cloſed, then folded my arms, and ſhut my eyes, ſtriving to compoſe myſelf to ſleep again, for the reſt of the night, wiſhing ſo to dream my life away, and count it gain.

" Let no rude noiſe my bliſs deſtroy,
" Such ſweet deluſion's real joy."

The

The Oxford Fly called on me, about nine; I arose, and commenced my journey.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIX.

DREAMS.

"DREAMS, the deluſive phan-
" toms of the brain,
" Form nor in heaven nor hell their
" airy train,
" But in our minds; for when by ſleep
" poſſeſs'd,
" The lazy body lies diſſolv'd in reſt,
" The active Soul ſports on her uſual
" way,
" And thinks, by night, on what oc-
" curr'd, by day—
" To the lov'd Maid the Youth his
" billet ſends,

---

* In this diſtich the inſtances are rendered more natural and decent.—In the original, the maid and wife were ſuppoſed to have made the overtures.

" The

" The Rake by bribes his paſſion re-
" commends;
" The Lawyer at the Bar his ſtation
" keeps,
" And to the Bench nods humbly, as
" he ſleeps."

* *The Miſer hoards his pelf, and guards the door,*
Fending alike againſt the thief and poor;
Nor are the oppreſſor's crimes in ſleep forgot,
He ſtarts appall'd—for Conſcience ſlumbers not.

" Through ecchoing Foreſts huntſmen
" bear away,
" And Beagles in full cry purſue the
" flying prey."

---

* Theſe four lines, in *italics*, are added to the above deſcription, by Automathes.

The reſt of the poem is a tranſlation from one of the Latin poets.

All

All this philoſophy ſeems to be perfectly natural, conſidering the matter *à poſteriori*; but how can we account for thoſe præternatural *à priori* hints, items, or innuendos, that ſo often forerun the events which ſeem to have been predicted by them? I inſtance merely in things which have had no material conſequences that needed ſuch metaphyſical warnings.

This circumſtance cannot philoſophically be imputed to ſimple contingency; for to make uſe of one of Hutchiſon's calculations *, *it is nearly as the fifth power of infinite to unity*, that in the fortuitous concourſe of in-

* In his treatiſe, on beauty, harmony, and order.

cidents

cidents every article ſhall not ſo exactly coincide, as they are frequently known to do, in theſe inſtances.

The place, the perſon, the colour of their cloaths, the very words and facts, ſhall often occur, together, to make you recollect a dream which you might not have remembered the leaſt particular of, till the ſubſequent event had brought it into your mind again.

Liſten to one of my extraordinary co-incidents.—I was walking haſtily through Percy-ſtreet, Rathbone-place, one morning, early, and juſt as I came behind a Gentleman, *in a Pruſſian blue* coat, who was moving ſlowly on, before me, I happened to hit my toe againſt

againſt the ferrule of his cane, which fell out of his hand.

We both of us ſtooped, at the ſame time, to take it up, but I was the nimbler, and took out my handkerchief, to wipe it; *for it had rained*; but he took out his, alſo, and ſnatched the ſtick from me, ſaying, "No, Sir, "this is a mere accident, on both ſides, "and 'tis but fair that we ſhould thus "divide the inconveniences of it, be-"tween us." I bowed and marched on.

At that very inſtant I recollected a dream I had had, the night before, agreeing, in every the moſt minute circumſtance, with this unextraordinary ad-

adventure, no one article of which had occurred to my mind, either before, or during the tranſaction, until the intire *ex poſt facto* had been all over.

Now pray attend to the ſeveral contingencies of the ſtory—the time, place, and other circumſtances of it, prophetically evolved—among which there are two particulars, more eſpecially to be noted—namely, the rain, and the ſtreet. For it was in the middle of ſummer, and this the very firſt wet day, that had happened, for ſix weeks before; therefore not an idea that had been familiar to my mind. I was out of London, for ſeveral years, during which interval that ſtreet had been built. I had never been in it, till

that very morning, and the whole ſcenography of it was actually firſt conceived by me, in my ſleep.

I have had above a thouſand of ſuch conſequential, though unimportant, dreams, as this, in my life, which have amuſed, but puzzled my philoſophy; and now we are upon this ſubject, I ſhall juſt hint at one of the moſt extraordinary reveries, I happened to have, ſometime ago, that could poſſibly be imagined.

His preſent Majeſty has not, perhaps, in his dominions, a more loyal ſubject; one who reſpects his perſon and character, or eſteems both his princely, and his private virtues, more than

than I do. And yet I had a dream, one night, with regard to him, that comprehended the compleateſt treaſon, that could be well conceived. I awoke, but remembered it not. I fell aſleep, and dreamed it again. I awaked a ſecond time, and took no more notice of it than before; but dreamed it a third time; and when I awoke recollected that it had occurred thrice to me, that night, and every time in the very ſame circumſtances and terms, in which it had at firſt ſuggeſted itſelf to me.

There was one extraordinary particular, too, in this unpremeditated idea of mine—that it was a thought of moſt complete wit; which article, the Re-

viewers are at liberty to remark ſufficiently proves it to have been *but a dream*. This reverie has dwelt upon my mind, ever ſince, and though we do not live in an age when a man may be *hanged for thinking*, yet I have never mentioned the purport of it to any perſon ſince; nor ſhall I ever do ſo, perhaps, except to his Majeſty himſelf (not to any one of his Miniſters) if he ſhould have the curioſity to make an inquiry about it.

Whether ſuch unaccountable coincidences, as I have above deſcribed, are peculiar to myſelf, no, I cannot pronounce; but ſhould be extremely glad to have the opinion and experience of ſome of my readers, upon this ſame *metaphyſical night-cap* of mine.

Per-

Perhaps the *Catenarian* philoſophers before-mentioned *, may be able to ſhew the *neceſſity* of ſuch unaccountable reveries. I ſhould think it were a much eaſier taſk to inveſtigate our ſleeping, than our waking thoughts; as in the firſt caſe, the mind is only the *patient*, and muſt ſwallow down its doſe, with an implicit faith; but in the latter, 'tis the phyſician, and may *miniſter to itſelf*.

I am particularly fond of indulging my contemplations on the ſubject of Soul or Spirit.—I am rejoiced, alſo, when I find myſelf perplexed with the too high inveſtigation of it. The more

* Chapter III.

myſtical its union with the body appears to be, the more reaſon it affords me ſtill to believe that it may be capable of exiſting, independent of it—For were we once able to define its nature, it could not then poſſibly be what I hope and truſt we ſhall all of us, at one time or other, happily experience it to be! Amen!

We may well ſay, on this ſubject, what St. Auſtin does of the firſt ſpirit, *Melius ſcitur Deus neſciendo.*

CHAP.

CHAP. L.

MEN OF BUSINESS.

AMONG the many vulgar errors I ſhould wiſh to expoſe, this is perhaps the one of the moſt conſequence in life, as it has often been a conſiderable diſadvantage to it: *that men of wit, or parts, are incapable of buſineſs.* As if blockheads could be fit for any thing, but *to chronicle ſmall beer.*

This is one reaſon why men of this character generally decline the application; for they have heard the maxim ſo often repeated, that they begin at

laſt to think it true themſelves; which alſo gives them a mean idea of the nature of buſineſs, itſelf. And an other cauſe is, that from a miſtaken notion of it too, they imagine it to lie quite out of the road to pleaſure, the natural purſuit of perſons of wit or ſpirit.

To obviate the firſt objection, do but recollect yourſelf (for I am not at leiſure) of thoſe few men of ſenſe or genius, who either from the neceſſity of their fortunes, the ambition of their minds, or the very rare diſtinguiſhing favour of Princes, have been occaſionally led into buſineſs of any kind, and obſerve with how much better addreſs in themſelves, and more ſatisfaction to others,

others, they have acquitted them of the charge, than any of thoſe plodding fellows have ever done, who are characterized *men of buſineſs*.

The Aſs keeps dodging on the common road; and after many falſe ſteps, and circumviations, arrives late and wearied to its ſtall. While the Eagle, ſoaring above the level of the world, with a quick eye aims at his aery, and ſtriking *the ſhorteſt line between two points* reaches it with more diſpatch, and leſs fatigue.

That buſineſs lies out of the road to pleaſure, is a ſecond vulgar error, alſo. All pleaſure is not merely ſenſual. The *nitidus ordo* is the moſt agreeable object

to a rational mind, and *ex fumo dare lucem* the moſt flattering idea to a benevolent heart. What intimate ſatisfaction then, muſt it afford us, to reſcue our own, or other people's affairs, out of the diſorder and confuſion they may have been thrown into by puzzled dullneſs, communicating the chaos of its own brain, to every thing it takes in hand?

Employment is as neceſſary to pleaſure, as exerciſe is to health. If we have none by profeſſion or office, we ſhould contrive ſome ſort or other, for ourſelves, if we would preſerve, or quicken our reliſhes. We cannot ſpend all our lives in pleaſure, and the reſt of our time is an incumbrance on our hands—

hands——We ſigh oftener from idleneſs, than fatigue.

Long in purſuit of pleaſure I found the hare-footed goddeſs too fleet to be matched in race, by mortal ſpeed.—When wearied with the chace, and piqued at her diſregard, I turned my courſe about, and ſullenly betook myſelf to buſineſs—While pleaſure moving ſtill in circles, by facing quick the contrary way, the coy wanton, ere ſhe was aware, ruſhed panting to my arms.

CHAP.

CHAP. LI.

TRIA JUNCTA.

See Chapter XL.

TO my inexpreſſible ſurprize and joy I had the ſatisfaction of receiving the following moſt curious letter from my unknown friend *Tria Juncta*, this morning, by the Penny-poſt; which I ſhall publiſh here for the entertainment and ſpeculation of my readers, though they will ſee that I have not obtained any permiſſion for doing ſo.

But then they may likewiſe ſee that I am not laid under any ſort of reſtriction,

tion, to the contrary; and I would go any lengths, that were not diſhonourable, to ſerve or oblige my friends. I ſhall therefore here preſent you with a literal Copy of a letter of a moſt extraordinary nature, the Original of which may be viewed at my Bookſeller's.

To Mr. * * * * * * * * *.

SIR,

I HAPPENED lately to fall into a mixed company with one of the printer Richardſons. A little ſport of fancy of mine, intituled *The Poſthumous Works of a late celebrated Genius, deceaſed*, had paſſed through their preſs, about two years ago; but without any

ſort

ſort of communication between us, except by letter—So that he knows me not.

For I had a conſiderable wager depending with a friend of mine, that the work would paſs current on the world as a writing of Mr. Sterne's; and it was therefore neceſſary to keep myſelf concealed, for ſome time, till I had won the bet, at leaſt, which I did; as there were ſome circumſtances which would have rendered me ſuſpected for being the Author, had I confeſſed myſelf to have been even the Editor of it.

This ſame Mr. Richardſon, among other articles of converſation, told us of an application of yours, Sir, to him,

ſoo

ſoon after thoſe books were publiſhed, to know who was the real author—for you had, it ſeems, no faith in the imputed one—and to enquire where he might be met with, or applied to, in order to have a certain article in the work, number 188, among the *Memorabilia*, cleared up, or further explained to your ſatisfaction. But he ſaid that he had confeſſed himſelf to be totally ignorant of that matter, having all along, taken the writing to be *genuine*, as pretended.

I ſeemed not to give any manner of attention to the ſubject, becauſe I did not chuſe to reveal myſelf in a mixed company; but as you, Sir, have been the ſingle perſon, who has ever had either

either obſervation, intelligence, or curioſity enough to make any enquiry into ſo extraordinary and intereſting an article, I ſhall pay you the compliment to ſend you ſome fuller deſcription of this ſame *New pleaſure*, or peculiarity of mine, than is given in the *Memorabilia*.

With this good purpoſe, then, I ſhall endeavour moſt ſincerely, to exert the utmoſt ſtretch of my philoſophy, to communicate this charming ſecret to you; though I am afraid that after all I can do, I ſhall be able to impart the idea of it only, but without the faculty, or power, of exerting it. But you'll attend, and accept my good will for the deed, where I fail.

All

All our motions and ſenſations are impreſſed on the body by the agency of a certain rare and ſubtile fluid, proceeding from the brain, and diffuſed every where throughout our whole nervous ſyſtem. 'Tis by this fine and imperceptible medium, that we ſee, feel, taſte, ſmell, hear, or move.

Volition is all that is neceſſary to action. I *will*, for inſtance, that my leg or arm ſhall move, and it accordingly moves. The ſimple determination of my mind directs this active fluid immediately to the member, and effects my purpoſe. We act without a conſciouſneſs of the ways and means of our operation—*To aſk and have*, is all we need, with Providence.

In

In like manner I *will* that all my nerves, veins, muſcles, fleſh, blood, and arteries—in ſhort, my whole departiment of feeling—ſhall receive an ecſtaſy, and they inſtantly become ſenſible of one.—And this, ſometimes, to ſo high a degree, by encouraging the ſenſation too long, that I have actually grown ſick, and been near fainting, from an exceſs of the tranſport; like Harlequin tickling himſelf to death.

But after what manner this ſurprizing effect is produced, or how the operation performed, from my ſimple volition, I am no more able to explain to an other, than I could inſtruct him how to move his leg or arm, at will; or ſay how ſenſation affects the mind.

Stet pro ratione voluntas.

For it ſo little depends on any particular action or poſition of my body, that the firſt deſtroys, and the latter is equally indifferent to, it.

I ſnatched up a French tract*, ſome time ago, intitled, "The Theory of *agreeable Senſations*," with eagerneſs, in hopes of getting ſome light from it, on this ſubject; but found it all too metaphyſical for my purpoſe—Though pray is not this very pleaſure I am deſcribing, ſo too? *Supernatural*, at leaſt, I am ſure it is.

Had I a power, like the Derviſe, in an Oriental tale, of ſhooting my ſoul

* Quoted before, Chapter XXXI. laſt paragraph, but one.

into other bodies, you, Sir, I aſſure you, ſhould be the firſt perſon I would communicate my feelings to--But with you ſhould end my *good will* to all *men*: for I would ever after devote my volition intirely to the other ſex, committing *chaſte rapes*, on their ſweet perſons, from night till morning, and ſpending my whole life in the pleaſanteſt *tranſmigration*, in the world.

This uncommon and delightful ſenſation, like inſpiration, happened to take a ſudden poſſeſſion of my feeling, one evening, as I was ſitting muſing in a little temple in my garden, near town. It at once charmed, ſurprized, and alarmed me. I felt enchanted. I thought that I was immediately going

either to fall a ſwooning, or a prophefying.

I ſtarted up, ſhook myſelf, and walked about, to prevent my falling into a trance, which I really imagined I ſhould, and the fit went off, for that time; but ſoon after returned again; and upon finding that this ſort of *ſelf-enjoyment*, was not attended by either of the good, or bad conſequences, I had firſt apprehended, I wiſhed to renew it again, and it again embraced me.

Thus from time to time, have I indulged myſelf, in this, I hope innocent recreation, and have, at length, attained to ſuch a maſtery in the art, that I can now conjure up, or lay, this benign

ſpirit of joy, and diſpatch my little volatile Mercury on this coeleſtial errand, at our own ſole *will and pleaſure*.

Socrates was *ſaid* to have had his familiar. But I am *ſure* that I am in poſſeſſion of mine. It does not, indeed, like his, make me a bit wiſer; but if it renders me happier, which it really does in a moſt ſuperlative degree, have I not ſufficient reaſon to bleſs Providence for my extraordinary portion of præternatural bliſs? May not mine be juſtly deemed a Sixth Senſe? for as the Microſcope may be ſaid to ſupply us with a *ſecond ſight*, may not the faculty I am in poſſeſſion of, be as properly ſtiled *a ſecond feeling*.

Among

Among the Persians and some other of the eastern nations, there are a sort of artists made use of, by the luxurious Great, who have arrived to the skill of fingering a naked body, from top to toe, with so nice and delicate a touch, as to communicate the pleasure of tickling to it, without its pain. But then these *creep-mouse Digitists* can only proceed piece-meal, reciprocating one part after another, progressively; and the ecstasy ceases, as soon as this *Transit of Venus*, as it may well be called, has passed over the spot.

But I can impress my sensation on all parts of my body, both within and without, at one and the same instant, and

and continue the rapture as long as I am capable of *enduring* tranſport, for

"Bliſs goes but to a certain bound;
"Beyond is agony*."

It is ſomething like what a perſon is ſenſible of, who coming out of a cold air, is ſuddenly immerged into a warm bath—but of infinitely a more exhilarating nature. Or do I not rather feel as if all the fizy blood and phlegmatic juices of my body, were at once tranſmuted or refined into the richeſt volatile eſſences? I tread in air, and float upon a zephyr!

* Mrs. Greville's beautiful Ode.

I have

I have often endeavoured to direct this active, nimble, and obedient fluid which operates upon our ſenſations, towards my other organs of perception; but have not yet been able to flatter myſelf with the leaſt hope of ſucceeding in the proceſs. It has never yet been able to aſſiſt me to hear, ſee, ſmell, or taſte, with greater energy than I am at any other time capable of.

But perhaps 'tis better as it is, and that I ſhould be diſappointed in ſo preſumptuous an experiment: for an ecſtaſy ſeizing upon all the ſenſes, at once, might poſſibly end in death, or diſtraction: To quicken the perceptions of our ſenſes, were, poſſibly, as Pope expreſſes it, *to die of a roſe, in*

aromatic pain, or be ſtunned with the muſic of the ſpheres.

Though indeed the œconomy of nature is moſt admirable, in this regard: for in proportion as any of our notices are agitated, the others repoſe themſelves in apathy; ſo that the ſoul, as it were, reſts in the midſt of action, and the ſenſes ſerve thus to relieve each other, by turns.

Stay a little. I have not done with myſelf, yet awhile. I hope I entertain you—I *elevate and ſurprize you*, at leaſt. But this is a long letter, for me. You know my manner of writing, and you muſt have patience, till the next Penny-poſt, to hear further from me; when perhaps

perhaps I may be able to *tickle your fancy*, again, if I can do no more.

In the mean time, give me leave to subscribe myself, dear Sir, your truly sincere friend, though I must still remain your unknown humble servant.

TRIA JUNCTA.

CHAP.

CHAP. LII.

ORTHODOX MORALITY.

WHAT an extraordinary ſpecies of ſenſual enthuſiaſm has this our correſpondent preſented us with, in his letter! I make not the leaſt doubt of his being perfectly ingenuous, in the deſcription of it; for it certainly ſeems to be one of thoſe unaccountable things, which no body could ever have framed the leaſt manner of idea of, who had not experienced it.

It is lucky, perhaps, for the world, that this perſon has never been able to communicate this ſecret, or transfer the ſupernatural faculty he is himſelf poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed of, to others—For he might certainly propagate whatever doctrines he pleaſed, and have all mankind for his diſciples, upon the manifeſtation of ſuch a miracle, as this. Mahomet made proſelytes, by only promiſing a ſenſuality, *in reverſion*—but this *arch*-prophet muſt beat the poor Muſſulman, quite out of the field (as the Czarina is literally doing, at preſent) who could afford them one, *in hand*. Nay, is he not in poſſeſſion of one attribute of a Divinity, already, whoſe *will*, alone, is *an act?* But *volenti* nihil difficile, is unhappily not a general maxim, in this caſe.

But now ſince we happen not to be in a capacity of going ſnacks in the feaſt,

feaſt, let us all join with the Fox, in abuſing the grapes; or with the *aſcetics*, in moralizing againſt the indulgence of it. Your Devotées are ever up in arms, againſt all manner of pleaſure; and it has been too much the way of our Orthodoxy, to ſet religion at ſtrife with nature; which has provoked too many ſenſible people to recur to *the religion of nature*, for that very reaſon.

One would fancy that theſe Religioſos imagined there were two ſeparate deities, who preſided over mankind—One that created, and an other that gave them laws, without knowing what ſtuff they were made of. For they ſeem to think it a ſpecies of wickedneſs, to be happy; and *a damned happy*

fellow

fellow is not an *idiom*, but a ſynonimous expreſſion, with them.

And if they would reſtrain us even in our natural pleaſures, what anathemas would they not pour forth, againſt the præternatural one we have been ſpeaking of. Nay, there have been ſuch ſtrange enthuſiaſts in devotion, as have endeavoured, by the force of abſtraction, to rid their love and adoration of God, of the pleaſure that they were unluckily ſenſible of in the contemplation and act; as accounting it of the nature of ſin.

When I converſe with ſuch mortified Devotées, or overſtrained *Puritans*, I am almoſt tempted to reverſe the ſpeech

of

of Feſtus to St. Paul, by crying out, "Thou almoſt perſuadeſt me *not* to be "a *Chriſtian*."

What gives us ſuch gloomy thoughts of religion, is, that people too ſeldom become warm to its impreſſion, till they have fallen under the afflictions of pain, ſickneſs, danger, poverty, or diſtreſs. Theſe are no proper tempers of mind to view it in. Their low ſpirits, or their fears, at ſuch times, deſtroy all their philoſophy about the matter, and they come then into the Temple, cringing and ſneaking, like ſentenced criminals, begging their lives, or a remiſſion of their fines. Whereas religion, in the right comprehenſion of it, is doubtleſs the moſt cheerful thought, that

that ever occupied the human mind, or rejoiced a mortal hurt.

When I conſider myſelf, in a merely philoſophic light, comparing this narrow globe to the immenſities of Saturn and Jupiter, whither Aſtronomy has tranſported us, and carrying on the analogy between the ſeveral intellectual beings of each, I feel myſelf a worm—little better than an higher ſpecies of the ſame genus. But when I reflect on my nature, in a religious view, I find myſelf riſing to ſome dignity, in the Creation—my thoughts, my actions being deemed worthy the notice of Providence—of reward, or puniſhment—of approbation, or blame.

Upon

Upon this glorious and ambitious thought, I conſider all the other animals, "Yea, the whole globe itſelf, "with all which it inherit," as made only for man; but man peculiarly for God; as being the ſole creature that is capable of comprehending, or bearing relation to Him, by reaſon and duty; by adoration, obedience, and love.

But to return to my good friend Tria, I do confeſs that I have no more idea or conception, about this ſame happy *ſelf-ſufficience*, or *ſelf-enjoyment*, which he has taken ſo much good-natured pains to deſcribe to me, in vain, than you have; but ſhall tell you a ſhort ſtory, which this ſubject has juſt

now

was brought into my mind, perhaps not unapplicable, and ſo conclude the chapter.

A middle-aged Lady of my acquaintance, who had been thrice a widow, declared peremptorily againſt a fourth huſband—However it was her *fate*, I ſuppoſe, to marry again, ſoon after: and being challenged by ſome of her goſſips, upon this breach of promiſe and reſolution, ſhe replied, that ſhe was as much determined againſt ſuch a compliance, as ever ſhe had been in any circumſtance of her life, the very moment before; but that when the man aſked her the queſtion, ſhe felt herſelf all over *in ſuch a frizzle*, that ſhe found it abſolutely impoſſible to deny him.

Now what kind of a ſenſation the good Gentlewoman meant, by the word *Frizzle*, I ſhall not pretend to define; but muſt refer you to Tria Juncta, for an explanation of it. He is your only philoſopher for ſuch *occult faculties*, believe me. In the mean time I here make a preſent of that noun to the Engliſh language, and take my leave of the ſubject, for the preſent.

CHAP.

CHAP. LIII.

ANIMADVERSIONS.

THOUGH I am impatient for the coming in of the Penny-poſt, I cannot quit this delightful theme of *the ſenſes*, till I have taken notice of ſome philoſophical errors, which a very ingenious writer, Lord Kaims, has introduced into his Elements of Criticiſm, relative to them.

In the firſt part of his introduction, he affects to diſtinguiſh the faculties of ſeeing or hearing, from the other ſenſes, by ſaying, "that the body is "not ſenſible of any organical im-"preſſion, from their perceptions."

But I think that when the olfactory nerves are only ſlightly affected, they are equally inſenſible to the impreſſion, as the auditory ones; and when the ſound is loud, or the odour ſtrong, the reſpective organs feel themſelves equally impreſſed. I think the ſame, of ſight; for a ſtrong light or glare, affects our eyes, even to pain.

He continues his partiality, ſtill further, to theſe *elect* ſenſes, by dignifying Seeing and Hearing with the titles of *emotions*, and *paſſions*; denying the ſame honour to the other organs. Is this philoſophical? Do not feeling, taſting, and ſmelling, excite deſires, and ſolicit their objects, with even ſtronger impulſes, than either ſeeing or hearing

do? And if they do not create *emotions* and *paſſions*, what in nature can?

It had been ſufficient for his argument, which refers to the fine arts, to have ſaid that the faculties of ſeeing and hearing, being capable of communicating *intellectual* pleaſures, were therefore more intimately connected with them, than any of the other ſenſes were, which terminate in the common animal gratifications only.

In one of his definitions, he ſays, "that beauty and uglineſs are ſtrictly "confined to objects of ſight; but "that by a figure, or licence of ſpeech, "they are often applied to other things; "as a beautiful propoſition, a beautiful

" theorem, &c. but that this can be
" only by ſuppoſing ſuch things *deſ-*
" *cribed on paper*, ſo as to become
" viſible."

What a philoſophy is here! Is the beauty of truth, or moral actions, or the deformity of falſehood, or vice, capable of being *repreſented on paper*, or on any other plain, except the *raſa tabula* of the mind? His Lordſhip's diſtinctions here, and in other paſſages upon the ſame ſubjects, appear to me rather more ingenious, than juſt.

From the conſideration of the ſenſes, as is natural, his Lordſhip proceeds to treat of the paſſions; upon which topic he has advanced ſome poſitions, which

are, in my opinion, as far from the philoſophy of morals, as the former were from that of nature.

He ſays, "that a man who has be-
"trayed a friend, or put an enemy to
"death, in cold blood, ſoon loſes all
"manner of affection, toward his own
"children." Where did his Lordſhip find out this ſtrange ſecret? I can ſee no ſort of natural reaſon, for ſuch an effect of vice—for ſurely it is no concluſive argument to urge, that ſuch actions, being unnatural, muſt render the perpetrator unnatural, throughout.

He affirms alſo, "that any perſon
"who hates an other, conceives like-
"wiſe an averſion to his children, his

"relations, nay even to his very pro-
"perty." This is quite new to me. I will venture to pronounce that his Lordſhip found not the truth of this maxim, in his own breaſt; and I can truly contradict it, from my own experience.

The friend I at preſent love moſt in the world, is ſon to the man I once hated the moſt, and had moſt reaſon for my averſion to. This perſon has never done me any good office in life, ſufficient to counteract Lord Kaims's *un-principled* principle.—But I like him for his wit and ſenſe, and love him for his ſpirit and worth. David loved Jonathan, though he hated Saul.

CHAP.

CHAP. LIV.

TRIA JUNCTA ENCORE.

To Mr. ********.

FURTHER—The extraordinary *luſus naturæ* I was endeavouring to deſcribe to you, in my former letter, is not, I aſſure you, the only peculiarity which relates to me. I may ſay, with the Phariſee, though in a different ſenſe, *that I am not as other men are.* For I am able to communicate two other ſpecies of pleaſant ſenſations, to myſelf, whenſoever I *will*—the operations of which being merely mechanical, may be eaſily explained, and can therefore be communicated to others.

Though

Though of this particular I am not quite certain; as I have only had my own experience, in theſe articles; having never revealed theſe ſecrets to any other perſon, whatſoever, except one—and am perfectly convinced that the idea of either, has never yet been conceived by the mind of man.

One of theſe extraordinary *manœuvres* I am reſolved never to publiſh to the world, or even diſcloſe in private again; as it might poſſibly be attended with very hazardous conſequences, in a double regard. For in the firſt place, it is a dangerous experiment, to the operator, himſelf; and, in the next, might be fatal to any other patient; as it is certainly the pleaſanteſt, and perhaps the

the moſt ingenious method, that ever was contrived, by the wit and wickedneſs of man to put a perſon to inſtant death, without betraying the leaſt viſible ſign of the violence—though the exit is ſo eaſy, that it can hardly be called one. The only perſon I ever mentioned it to was a Lady, who had a brute of a huſband; and he was found dead in his bed, the next morning.

There is an other ſingularity too, in me, as extraordinary and incredible as any of the things before-mentioned; and to me infinitely more pleaſing, than all of them put together. But this is an article of a moral nature, and I muſt not venture to give any further hint about it, here, becauſe 'tis already ſo notorious

notorious of me, among my few, *very few*, friends, that it would immediately refer to the writer of this letter, and unanonimous me, at once.

More ſtill.

"Whether firſt nature, or *long want*
"*of peace*,
"Hath wrought my mind to this, I
"cannot ſay,"

but I have happily attained to a knack of putting myſelf to ſleep, at any inſtant I pleaſe, and in any ſituation or circumſtance, whatſoever. Whenever pain, ſickneſs, diſtreſs, or ſorrow oppreſſes me, I immediately apply this *leaver* to my relief; which is *toties quoties* repeated, till nature recruited gathers ſtrength to caſt off the incumbrance,

brance, or time weakens the ſenſe of the evil.

I was travelling in a ſtage coach, once, and upon ſome paſſengers crying out that we ſhould be immediately overturned, "if I muſt fall, ſaid I, "folding my arms, and ſhutting my "eyes, I'll fall aſleep, firſt." The oddneſs of the idea and expreſſion had ſuch an effect, on the reſt of the company, as they told me afterwards, that had they broke their necks at that inſtant their names might have been added to the catalogue of perſons who are recorded to have *died laughing*. *The ſtrangeneſs of a ſtory puts heavineſs in me*, as Miranda ſays, in *The Tempeſt*.

Alexander

Alexander is reported to have fallen into a profound ſleep, juſt as he was going to join battle with Darius. Auguſtus did the ſame, in the ſea-fight with Pompey; and Cato fell a ſnoring, juſt before his ſuicide. I reſemble this heroic triumvirate, not only in articles of danger; but grief and pain likewiſe, as I hinted above, are apt to *take me napping*; ſome inſtances of which being already upon record, I ſhall not reveal myſelf, by repeating them here.

From all theſe ſeveral extraordinary and extra-natural peculiarities and faculties, recited in this and my former letter, may I not juſtly aſſume to myſelf the enviable, though modeſt

and

and humble stile, name, and title, of the *Anomaly*, or *happy monster?* Memory fet it down. This shall be my future character and signature, for life. Farewell.

ANOMALY.

CHAP.

CHAP. LV.

OBSERVATIONS.

I HAVE in my laſt chapter, preſented you with a ſecond curious letter, from my incognito correſpondent, who appears to be a very extraordinary perſon indeed; moſt ſingularly and happily formed by nature; and moſt uncommonly endowed by Providence with many gifted capacities, of an unaccountable, and unheard-of kind.

This affair puts me in mind of ſeveral peculiarities I have heard reported, of different men; which are ſufficient to make one ſuſpect that we are not all framed alike; and that though the general

neral materials may be the ſame, in all, certain adventitious articles may ſometimes obtain, in the compoſitions both of our bodies and minds, to diſtinguiſh one man from an other, the few from the many.

Petrarch mentions a perſon, the organs of whoſe ears were ſo perverſely formed by nature, that he preferred the croaking of frogs to the warblings of the nightingale. The fable of Midas's judgment, or *want of judgment*, rather, verified.

The great Lord Chancellor Bacon was always ſeized with a ſudden fit of ſwooning, on every eclipſe of the moon; but as ſoon as the ſhadow had

paſſed over, his fainting left him, without the leaſt weakneſs remaining.

John Barratier, a German, was perfect maſter of Latin, at four years old; of Hebrew, at ſix; and of three other languages before nine. At eleven he tranſlated the Travels of Rabbi Benjamin, and accompanied it with critical notes and learned diſſertations. He aſtoniſhed all Germany with his uncommon genius and ſcience, and died before twenty.

Theophilus Mozart, a Bavarian, in the preſent age, was an extraordinary performer on the harpſichord, at four years old; and a ſkilful compoſer of muſic, at ſix. He has been exhibited as a miracle at all the courts in Europe,

was

was lately in England, is now alive in Germany, and about thirteen years of age; and is going on with an amazing rapidity both in performance and compoſition.

In one of the public papers, lately, there was an account, from *Marſeilles*, of an extraordinary boy, about ten years of age, who had diſcovered a wonderful ſagacity in pointing out any place where water lay concealed under the earth——Several trials had been made of his talents, and every experiment confirmed the peculiarity of this faculty in the child.

His notice did not ariſe from any particular quickneſs of hearing in him,

which might have been affected by the murmuring of a river, or the bubblings of a fountain, under ground; for he was equally certain, where it was a dead water. A gentleman in the country, at ſome diſtance from the town, having been informed of this uncommon circumſtance, had a tub of water privately buried in a ploughed field, and the whole harrowed over; then ſending for the lad, and taking him, in a careleſs manner, to walk over the ground, he ſtopped ſuddenly ſhort, on the ſpot, like a ſetting dog at the ſcent of his game, and pointed to the place where the veſſel had been depoſited; ſaying, you'll get water if you dig there.

The

The perſon who relates this fact, ſays that the boy declares himſelf totally ignorant by what medium of intelligence he is enabled to make this diſcovery, and ſeems rather guided by a blind inſtinct, than by any inductions of reaſon; nor is he conſcious of the leaſt impreſſion on any of his ſenſes, at the time when the idea ariſes in his mind; or that he *takes it into his head*, according to his own manner of expreſſing this peculiar kind of inſpiration that diſtinguiſhes him.

Kind Providence has afforded mankind frequent hints, that the ordinary ways and means of its œconomy, do not exhibit the whole fund of it riches or powers; and often affords the

world inſtances to prove it, though not by generating *Crawfiſh from calcined Powders*, *Eels from Rye-meal or Mutton-broth*, *Trees by copulation*, &c. The riſing and ſetting of the Sun, the phænomena of the Tides, and many other operations of nature, are certainly higher examples than any of the particulars here recited; but being in the common courſe of things, are not ſo apt to make us reflect, as the leſſer ſamples that are more rare.

If people will be atheiſts, after all, who can help the dunces?

CHAP.

CHAP. LVI.

THE SUN.

BUT leſt I ſhould be ranked with Bolinbroke and Voltaire, who have both endeavoured to write down one ſyſtem of religion, without taking the precaution of providing us with any other in its room, I ſhall here take upon me to acquit myſelf of an obligation I lie under, of the ſame kind, with regard to the next great object in nature, namely, his majeſty the Sun; which I have made ſo free with, in the third article of my XXIVth Chapter.

But I think that his worſhippers may very well forgive me the liberty I have

taken with their idol, when I am known to conſider that great body, not merely as a maſs of matter, *acted*, but *acting*, upon. Not as a common fire, that would go out, if left to itſelf, but a Veſtal, that firſt kindles, and ever after ſupplies its own fuel. In fine, though a Creature, yet, in ſome ſort, a Creator, too.

"Firſt born of heaven, and only leſs
"than God *".

I cannot poſſibly admit the Sun to poſſeſs the leaſt manner of heat, in itſelf, for the reaſons already given, in the above reference; but rather to contain the capabilities of fire, like a ſtick,

* Armſtrong, Eſſay on health.

on

or a flint, though with a faculty of expreſſing it, by its own action, which the others have not. I imagine its beams not to be hot, in their rectilineal direction, but productive of this effect, from reflection, only.

If the rays of the Sun were fire, in the firſt inſtance, thoſe conſequences would naturally follow that our friend and correſpondent *Tria* ſo well deſcribes, in his Day of Judgment *. "The rivers were dried up, and liquid "ore ſupplied their burning channels. "The clouds were turned to fire, and "ſhot their meteors through the aſto-"niſhed ſky. The air was flame, and

* Vol. I. Chapter XLII.

"breathing

"breathing was no more. The firma-
"ment was melted down, and rained
"its sulphur o'er the prostrate globe,"
&c.

It does not blast us, like lightning, in the current flash, but as Young says of friendship, warms us by reverberation. The Sun emanates Light only, in the direct line, but owes its Heat to reflection, solely. We feel it, therefore, more intensely, in a valley, than on a hill.

It appears to my apprehension to be a much more philosophic hypothesis of the matter, that Providence should have originally impressed a specific energy on this great Luminary,

this

this Second Soul of Nature, to dart its elaſtic and rebounding rays upon all ſurrounding and oppoſing bodies, than to ſuppoſe it reduced to make uſe of ſecond means, like a cook-maid, to keep this hallowed flame alive.

Why are the Alps and Pyrenées crowned with eternal froſts, while the ſhepherds, with their flocks, are ſheltering their baked heads from the heat of the ſun, at the foot of them? Why do the upper regions of the air ſhower down their hail and ſnow to be thawed and melted, here below? Why ſhall a *lens* of Ice receive the rays above, ſo coldly, and tranſmit them ſo intenſely hot, beneath?

Why

Why is it warmer, in ſummer, though the Sun is farther off, than in winter, when 'tis ſo much nearer to us? Becauſe of the difference of our ſituation, with regard to it, only.... In the firſt caſe, the rays are vertical, in the other lateral; and perpendicular rebounds are ſtronger, than oblique ones. This would not be the caſe, in common fire; the diſtance, not the poſition, makes all the difference there.

We judge of fire above, from what we feel below. We reaſon the ſame way in metaphyſics. We make God angry and pleaſed, glad and ſorry, partial and revengeful, becauſe we are ſo ourſelves. We are ſaid to be made after

his

his image; and in return, we form him after our own.—Fontenelle says, very justly, that men are envious of every nature, except their own.——"They impute their passions to the "Deity, and deny their reason to the "brutes."

CHAP.

CHAP. LVII.

THE DEITY.

THE close of my last chapter led me into some reflections on the subject of this title, and I indulged myself in them, for some time, with a design of making them the substance of this chapter; but I thought it would please my reader more to give him something much better written, by the translation of a little philosophic piece, on the same topic, which Monsieur Voltaire has inserted in his Questions sur l'Encyclopedie *, from an anonimous author.

* Vol. V. Article *Eternité*.

I had

I had a further reaſon too, for ſhifting this work off my own hands, which is, that if there ſhould happen to be any thing unorthodox, or unſyſtematical, in the metaphyſics of theſe ſentiments, the cenſure may fall upon the perſon who has incurred it, by thus preſuming to think for himſelf; while I ſtand clear of the anathema, by neither adopting, nor recommending his philoſophy to others.

THE TRANSLATION.

"Friends, brothers, men who poſ-
"ſeſs intelligence, that emanation of
"the divine nature, join with me in
"adoring that God who has bleſſed
"you with ſuch a faculty; this *Li*,
"this *Chang-ti*, this *Tien*, that the
"*Seres*,

"*Seres*, those antient inhabitants of "Cathay* have worshipped, these five "thousand years, at least, according "to their public annals: records that "no tribunal of letters has ever yet "called in question, and which have "never been disputed by any of these "Western nations, except by some "ignorant people who are apt to mea-"sure the rest of the world, and an-"tient times, by the short standard of "their own province, scarcely emerged "from barbarism.

"Let us adore that being of beings "which the civilized nations of the "*Ganges*, long before the *Seres*, ac-

* *China*, formerly so called.

" knowledged, under the name of
" *Birmah*, father of Brama, and of
" all nature, and who was doubtleſs
" invoked in the innumerable revo-
" lutions, which have ſo often diſ-
" turbed the peace of that portion of
" our globe.

" Let us adore the great Being,
" named *Oromazes*, among the antient
" Perſians. Let us adore the *Demi-*
" *urgos*, which Plato celebrated among
" the Greeks; or that God moſt good,
" moſt great, *optimus maximus*; who
" was not ſtiled by any other title
" among the Romans, when their Se-
" nate dictated laws to three-fourths
" of the then known world.

" It is he who from all eternity has
" arranged the ſeveral maſſes of matter,
" in the immenſity of ſpace. He
" ſpake, and every thing exiſted. But
" He ſpake before time was. He is
" a neceſſary being; therefore he muſt
" have been from all eternity. He is
" an active being, therefore he has
" always acted; without which he muſt
" have been, during a paſt eternity,
" but an uſeleſs exiſtence. He could
" not have created the world, at any
" certain given time only, for then he
" muſt have been a capricious being.

" It has not been either within ſix
" thouſand years, nor within an hun-
" dred thouſand, that his creatures
" have paid their homage to him; it

" has

" has been from all eternity. What
" a contracted foul, what a groſſneſs
" of idea, to imagine that the chaos
" had been eternal, and that form and
" order was wrought out of it, but the
" other day! No—Order was always;
" becauſe the Neceſſary being, author
" of all order, was for ever.

" This was the opinion of the great
" *St. Thomas* *, in his *Sum of the Catho-*
" *lic Faith*, book 2. chap. 3. *God muſt*
" *have had the will, from all eternity,*
" *either to produce the univerſe, or not*
" *to produce it. Now it is manifeſt that*
" *he had the will to produce it; there-*

* Aquinas, a ſchool divine, of the 13th century; ſtiled *The Angelical Doctor*.

" fore he did produce it, from all eter-
" nity—the effect following always the
" power of an agent, who acts according
" to his will.

" To these sensible reflections, which " one must be surprized to have met " with in *St. Thomas*, I shall add, that " the effect of a cause, necessary and " eternal, must be supposed to have " been equally necessary and eternal.

" God could never have abandoned " *matter* to its first atoms, submitting " them to the perpetual jumble of a " fortuitous motion, as Lucretius has " sung, who has certainly a great " number of common things, which " it was easy to describe, but most

"perfectly ignorant in all the laws of "nature—an excellent poet, but a "miserable philosopher.

"This Supreme Being did not take "his *cubes*, his little *dies*, to form the "earth, the planets, light and gravity, "with as the chimerical Descartes "has imagined, in his *romance*, which "he would have imposed upon the "world for philosophy.

"But he willed that all matter "should necessarily tend towards a "center, in a direct ratio or propor- "tion to its mass, and in an inverse "ratio to the square of its distance "from that center. He willed that the "center of our little globe should "be fixed in the Sun, and that all "our planets should revolve about

" him, according to a certain rule
" that ſhould make the cubes of their
" diſtances always as the ſquares of
" their revolutions.

" Jupiter and Saturn moſt punctu-
" ally obſerve this law, in the courſe
" of their orbit; and the Satellites of
" theſe plants obey it alſo, with the
" ſame exactitude. Theſe divine theo-
" rems, reduced into practice at the
" eternal birth of worlds, have never
" yet been diſcovered, till the preſent
" times: but they are now as well
" known and aſcertained as the firſt
" propoſitions in *Euclid*.

" We know that a perfect order
" and uniformity univerſally reign
" throughout the infinity of the hea-

" vens;

" vens; a thouſand millards of Suns
" which ſhine in it are but a feeble ex-
" preſſion of the immenſity of exiſt-
" ence. They all of them emit from
" their bodies the ſame torrents of
" light which are iſſued from our own
" Luminary; and worlds innumerable
" are warmed and brightened by
" them, in their reſpective ſyſtems.
" Two thouſand of them are reckoned,
" only in one part of the Conſtellation
" of Orion.

" That long and broad band of
" white points, that is obſerved in the
" heavens, which fabulous Greece has
" ſtiled the *milky way*; imagining that
" a certain infant, named *Jupiter*,
" God of the univerſe, had ſlobbered
" ſome of the milk, while he was ſuck-

" ing his course, this *via lactea*, I
" say, is a collection of suns, each
" of which has its planetary system of
" worlds revolving about it, as their
" centers; and beyond this immense
" train of suns and worlds, may be de-
" scried still farther spaces, replete with
" other stars, surmounted by other
" spaces, and superior planets!

" I have met with these lines, in an
" epic poem, which better express
" what I would say, upon this sub-
" ject. Speaking of the fixed stars,
" the author proceeds,

" Beyond their course, far in that
" endless space,
" Where matter floats, and worlds
" on worlds increase,

" In

" In that immenſe, in which circumſcribes not God, each
" thing is, and moves, and has its being. Yet gives to ſpaceleſs ſpace their fixed
" abode; and, revolving worlds increaſe,
" Beyond thoſe heavens the God of
" heavens reſides.—"

" I would rather he had expreſſed the
" laſt line thus:

" *Amidſt* thoſe heavens the God of
" heavens reſides.—"

" For the force, the energy divine,
" which actuates and directs them all,
" muſt ſubſiſt in, and throughout,
" *amidſt* the whole; juſt as *gravitation*
" exiſts in all the atoms of matter;
" and as *the motive power* is preſent in
" all parts of the body in motion.

" What!

" What! shall the gravitating, and
" the motive powers be essentially in
" all places, and shall the Supreme Es-
" sence, the very Soul of Nature, be
" absent from any part!

" Virgil has said,

" *Mens agitat molem, et magno se cor-*
" *pore miscet.*

" Cato has said,

" *Jupiter est quodcumque vides quocum-*
" *que moveris.*

" And St. Paul says,

" *In Deo vivimus, movemur, et sumus.*
" In Him we live and move, and have
" our being.

" And yet we have had the impious
" stupidity to make a king of God;

" giving him miniſters in his cabinet,
" and huſſars in his hall.

" In ſome of the Gothic temples they
" uſed to repeat this chant;

" *Illic ſecum habitans in penetralibus,*
" *Se rex ipſe ſuo contuitu beat.*

" Retired alone within his inmoſt ward,
" Himſelf he bleſſes with his own re-
" gard.

" Which is nothing more than to de-
" ſcribe God as a Narciſſus, leaning
" enamoured o'er the liquid plain, and
" contemplating the beauties of his
" own figure, in the reflected form.
" This is the way men make God *after*
" *their own image.*

" Let

"Let us meditate then, like *Plato*, "*Virgil*, *Cato*, *St. Paul*, *St. Thomas*, on "this transcendent subject, and not "like the groveling author of this "hymn. Let us incessantly repeat that "the infinite intelligence of the only "necessary being, of the all-creating "essence, has produced every thing, "fills all space, and animates the entire "of nature, throughout eternity, "without beginning, without end!"

"In us flitting shadows, in us ephe-"meral existences, in us thinking atoms, "it must require a superior power of "mind, and well exercised in meta-"physical investigation, to be able to "apprehend even the smallest part of "the eternal mathematics compre-"hended in the Divine Nature.

"By

"By what laws has the earth a periodical movement of twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and twenty years, besides its annual course in its orbit, and rotation round its own axis*? How does the regent of the night preserve its balance; and why does the earth bend it continually change, during nineteen years, the places where their orbits should meet each other†?

"The number of those who elevate their minds to such sublime sciences, is not one in a million among mankind; whilst all the rest of

* The revolution of the equinoxes, called the *great* or *Platonic year*.

† The shifting of the *Nodes*.

the

"the world, with thoughts and affec-
"tions prone to earth, either consume
"their lives in puny policies, or slay
"their fellow-creatures, or perish
"themselves, in the insatiable pursuit
"of gain.

"'Tis to the few elect in wisdom and
"in virtue, that I address myself, to
"admire with me the immensity of
"the universe, with the established or-
"der of it; the boundless abyss in
"which it floats its buoyant, its self-
"suspended course; the omnipotent
"intelligence which respires through-
"out; and that eternity, of which a
"moment only is accorded to us tran-
"sitory, and detached individuals,
"who vegetate, who feel and think."

Here ends the translation.

The

The author of the above metaphyſical reflections, begins his philoſophy in general terms, after the ſame manner that Pope does, in his *Univerſal Prayer*.

"Father of all, in every age,
"In every clime adored,
"By ſaint, by ſavage, or by ſage,
"Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!"

And as our poet was a good catholic, I ſuppoſe the little tract I have here quoted, to be ſo far orthodox; but as to the eternity of matter, and perpetual harmony of the ſpheres, I leave thoſe points to be diſcuſſed by better theologians, than I pretend to be.

And

And indeed I think it but becoming duty and submiſſion to the authority of our church, to ſuſpend our opinions, for the preſent, in all matters of a theological nature, till the houſe of convocation ſhall have reconſidered the *thirty-nine articles*, which I hear they have now in contemplation; that we may know *what we are to believe*, for the future.

But to be ſerious again, I think that an Atheiſt muſt want a reliſh for the fine arts, and a taſte for all the ſciences.—For my own part were I an unbeliever, I would read nothing but ballads and novels, for the reſt of my life; and *Noble*'s circulating library ſhould be my only ſtudy; for any thing higher would be

CHAP. LVIII.

CONFIDENCE.

WHAT are you going to do? faid a friend, upon feeing me about to turn a beef-ſteak on my plate, at his houſe in the country. I want to ſee how it looks, on the other ſide, ſaid I. You may take it for granted, he replied, that cooks, like the reſt of the world, take care to turn the beſt

ſide outward; and ſuch a piece of curioſity may ſometimes be the occaſion of loſing you your ſtomach, or your dinner.—" But one would not chuſe to " ſwallow *the peck of dirt*, all at once."

You reaſon right, if you were in a Cook's Shop; but pleaſe to take notice, that there is no other meat in the houſe, than what you ſee now on the table; and believe me that the meal will do you more good, than a little dirt, if there ſhould be any, can do you harm.

There are more *Golden Rules*, than one; and this I take to be among the richeſt of them. Try, turn, and examine your companions and miſtreſſes, while you are yet in *the Cook's Shop*, before

before you take either of them to your bosom, for life. For a friend and a wife are, or should be, both of them connections for *better or worse*. But never be too quick-sighted afterwards, especially to your wife and children.—For *there is no other meat in the house*.

"After vows to make inquiry," both conscience and reason forbid; and should any officious meddler ever attempt to give me an hint of any infidelity in my wife, I should reverse Othello's speech to him, by crying out, "villain, be sure you prove my love, "no—" For "away, at once, with "love and jealousy," is fine talking; and so is away, at once, with a diseased limb.—But how sad to think of living

without it; or to limp through life, with a wooden one!

I abhor all manner of deceit and fraud; but embrace every kind of impoſture which ſerves, like ſtatuary or painting, to illude the ſenſes, only to charm the ſoul. I have, all my life, been in queſt of happineſs, and have ſeldom found it but in the title of this chapter. My friends have been all ſaints, my miſtreſſes angels, my children cherubs; and my wife, after twenty years *wear and tear*, is ſtill to me *a young virgin of fifteen years*. This is the *golden bough* that paſſes to Elyſium. What a fool is he *who changes happy to be wiſe*.

My

My limbs are too ſtiff for dancing, and my voice too hoarſe for ſinging; but my mind is a continued jig and ſong, from morn to night. I am a pale, wizzened, old man, if you'll believe my neighbours; but fancy's pencil has given me a florid aſpect; and imagination, like an air pump, has plumped up my features; ſo that, in ſpite of age, indigence, and infirmity, I am obſtinately reſolved, ſome hundred years hence, to die in the firſt bloom of my beauty, and the very flower of my youth. For "Nature "ſeems to have begun with me," as St. *Evremond* ſays to *L'Enclos*, or ſhe to him, "to ſhew that it is poſſible not "to grow old."

All this may probably ſound like rhapſody or madneſs, to ſome *very good ſort of people*. But let your ſober dunces think ſo ſtill.—I ſcorn their *hellebore*.—For ſuch *philoſophic vanities*, if I may hazard the expreſſion, never betray me into any act of folly, or ridicule.——I neither ſit for my picture, flirt with girls, nor forget my flannel veſtments, upon ſuch preſumptions.

My ſtars! what a loſs will they have of me, *above*, if I ſhould happen to loſe my way, thither, after all; for, by all accounts they want merry-fellows there, plaguily. God grant that *Rabelais*, *Cervantes*, *Garth*, *Arbuthnot*, and *Sterne*, may have got there, before me! I would mention *Pope*, too, among the reſt,

reſt, on account of his *Rape of the Lock*, but that I ſuppoſe his *Nameſake* has *abſolutioned*, and *extreme-unctioned* him there, already.

Malebranche was a charming Sceptic.—He diſputed whether *pleaſure* rendered us *happy*. There was a noble refinement in this diſtinction. I anſwer, No:—Happineſs brooks no ſatiety: it muſt, therefore, exiſt in the mind, not in the body—in the ſpirit, not in the fleſh.

They may play the vengeance with me, *below*, to be ſure, if they pleaſe; and how can I help myſelf, then? That is ſuppoſing, only for argument ſake, the Serpent to get the better, at the long-run, in the religious war which

that *already-vanquiſhed Spirit* is ſaid ſtill to ſuſtain againſt *Omnipotence*; as the pious curate of our pariſh tells me, often, with fear and trembling.—But it muſt be my own fault, if I am damned *here*—Sobriety and exerciſe will prevent chronics; there are medicines for diſtempers; ſalves for ſores; and if pain is not to be cured by phyſic, or alleviated by temperance, it ſoon gives itſelf the *coup de grace*, and ſets us at reſt*.—Indigence ariſes more from our *wiſhes*, than our *wants*: our loſſes and our griefs are abated by reſignation, conquered by time, and recompenſed by hope. Guilt! even guilt, itſelf, is purged away, by penitence

* *Si longus levis,*
Si gravis brevis,
is a monkiſh nambic-pambic diſtich of Cicero's.

and

and prayer, and *leaves not a rack behind*; except aggravated by deſpair.

Religion is the great Panacea of life. But you muſt look for it in the Scriptures themſelves; the intelligible parts of them. Not in *Jacob Behmen's Viſions*, *Young's Night Thoughts*, *Taylor's Holy Living and Dying*, *Hervey's Meditations*, *Stilts for a Dwarf in Faith*, *A Bunch of Violets for a Chriſtian's Noſe*, *Buttons for the Breeches of Unbelievers* *, or any ſuch gloomy enthuſiaſts or Methodiſt Preachers, if you would preſerve either your cheerfulneſs, or your reaſon,

Believe

HERMIPPUS REDIVIVUS.

* Titles of devout books, and religious exhortations.

CHAP.

CHAP. LIX.

MY ELEGY.

AS 'tis probable that I may die, ſome time or an other, notwithſtanding all my bravery of ſpirit, I ſhall firſt take the precaution of ſupplying my own Inſcription; leſt the vaſt pack of troubles that my friends might be overpowered with, on my demiſe, ſhould be the occaſion of their ſuffering my aſhes to be covered with a nameleſs tomb-ſtone, leaving my remains among the undiſtinguiſhed herd of thoſe,

" Whom to be born and die,
" Forms all their heraldry."

And I ſhould be mortified to be thought one of thoſe who are *reckoned out by the hundred*,

hundred, and bear no price alone. This would be to me a second death.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Of all the ſtates that are, ſure a dead-
man's is the beſt,
For when of life he's weary, he dies
away to reſt.
And a dying we will go, we'll go,
we'll go,
And a dying let us go.

No taxes, tythes, or pariſh dues, by
him ſhall then be paid,
Of proctors and exciſemen no longer
now afraid,
And a dying, &c.

Of debts, repairs, and houſhold rent,
he happily ſtands clear,

From

From bailiffs and ejectments Death privileges here.

And a dying, &c.

Let bullies bluster, tyrants frown, or patrons prove unkind,
The live may weep or tremble, they ne'er diſturb his mind.

And a dying, &c.

For ſtorms of land, or ſea, or fate, or worſe, a ſcolding wife,
The living only feel, or fear, the dead are free from ſtrife.

And a dying, &c.

Should hunger pinch, or cold aſſail, or raiment prove thread-bare,
Though every ill of life oppreſs, yet die, and never fear.

And a dying, &c.

If

If ſickneſs, pain, or priſon, then,
ſhould bind you e'er ſo faſt,
Still this be your philoſophy, Death
will relieve, at laſt.
And a dying we will go, we'll go,
we'll go,
And a dying let us go.

CHAP. LX.

POSTSCRIPT.

SOME poet has written a ballad in praiſe of poverty, to the foregoing tune, *And a begging we will go*, &c. and ſome other laughing philoſopher has ſaid flattering things, of a gaol; *Welcome, welcome, brother debtor*, &c. but it has been happily reſerved for me, to write a panegyric, on Death and the Grave. *Exegi monumentum.*

With regard to this latter ſubject, I lay my account for being ſeverely reprehended, by certain *ſerious* people, for being ſo light of mind or manners, as to make merry, on ſuch an occaſion.

Nay,

Nay, ſome, even of our moſt orthodox divines, I am ſorry to ſay, are of the ſame formal way of thinking; which I confeſs ſurprizes me.

The Chriſtian philoſophy ought ſurely to have long ſince baniſhed all the terrors of this bugbear from our minds; by teaching that Life is only a *paſs* to eternity, and Death but an eaſy *fine* for immortality. A true believer ſhould, I think, rather cry out, with the Prophet †, "O Death, where is thy "ſting! O Grave, where is thy vic-"tory!"

Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum,
Subjecit pedibus, ſtrepitumque Acherontis avari!

† *Hoſea*, but the quotation is from the *Corinthians*.

The harmleſs tomb has no horrors, but what our weakneſs lends it. By our own falſe ſupputation of hopes and fears, we deceive ourſelves, throughout. We prize the joys of life, above their good, and rate the dread of death, beyond its evil—*falſis terroribus implet.*

My philoſophy and religion are both of the pleaſanteſt kinds, imaginable. The firſt not ſevere, nor the latter auſtere. Yet I fear not the contempt of the ſtoic, without apprehending the ridicule of the infidel.

Let us think of religion with cheerfulneſs, and we ſhall never look upon death with gloom. Life, indeed, is a ſerious object—the conſideration of our

health, our happineſs, our fortunes, our character, our ſalvation, muſt naturally create ſolicitude and care.—But in death, I ſhould opine that they muſt be wicked, or weak, at leaſt, who either deſpair, or fear. Death has been ſtiled *the king of terrors*—but it has been by thoſe only, who have not enough reflected on God as *the fountain of joys*. "Whoſe ways are pleaſantneſs, and whoſe paths are peace."

As to the mere pain of it, we may ſay, with a parody on Cæſar's words, *that we die, many times, before our death* *. I ſay of feeling, what he does, of fear—therefore the harſheſt idea I will ever permit a good man to be af-

* Shakeſpeare.

fected with, at the thought, is but that ſort of tranſient apprehenſion or diſguſt, we are apt naturally to conceive, againſt phyſic, or bleeding, on account of ſuffering only a little ſickneſs or pain, for the ſake of future health and pleaſure.

I will allow you, indeed, to pray for an *Euthanaſia*, or eaſy exit, out of this temporary vale; for pain is as great an evil, in death, as in life—but no more: For as to the notion of our being diſturbed, *in our laſt moments*, 'tis a matter of very little conſequence, ſurely; for if death be really ſo, what does it ſignify? And if not, our ſalvation depends not on *a moment*, but *a life*.

Of what import to mankind, would it now be, that Cæſar had lived ten years longer? Of what value to himſelf? Even the fall of Empires, though among the moſt conſiderable of human events, is no more, to the preſent world, than the ſhooting of a ſtar; or whether the *Œdipus tyrannus* had been exhibited in the Olympiads when ſuch revolutions of ſtate happened. *Et quæ veneraris, et quæ deſpicis, unus exequabit cinis.*

'Tis too ſoon to go to bed, ſays one—and with reaſon, perhaps.—We may not be able to ſleep, before our time.—But we cannot pretend to ſay the ſame, of dying.—For there is *reſt* in the grave. Quies *in tumulo*, I ſay;

the uſual expreſſion, of *in Cœlo*, is a ſtrange one, ſurely.

"Who would believe what ſtrange
"bug-bears,
"Mankind creates itſelf of fears!
"Which ſpring, like fern, that in-
"ſect weed,
"Equivocally, without ſeed.
"And have no poſſible foundation,
"But merely in the imagination."

The terrors we too generally aſſociate with this otherwiſe very inoffenſive object, are the ſource of many vices: of cowardice, apoſtaſy, and ſome other unmanly, and ignoble weakneſſes. When once we are brought to think of death, like the poor ſpirited Mecænas, as the greateſt

greateſt evil *, all means, however wicked or unworthy, muſt then naturally be looked upon to be preferable, which may ſerve us to evade it.

Not that I am any great admirer of the death of Socrates. The manner of it, I approve, but not the acquieſcence. To ſubmit to the laws of one's country, indeed, becomes a good ſubject; but as the ſentence was unjuſt, it had been no moral breach of the moſt romantic public virtue, to have eluded the penalty, when it was put into his power. St. Peter was wiſer, who broke gaol, and fled for his life. I never

* *Vita dum ſupereſt bene eſt*, was his baſe maxim.

heard he was cenſured for it, ſince. *Nam injuſta vincula diſrumpit juſtitia*, ſays St. Auſtin. Though the Montaniſts ſay, that to fly from perſecution is apoſtaſy. Self-preſervation is the firſt law of nature. Quære, How far this principle ſhould be allowed to operate in one's own defence, in any caſe?

There were an ancient pagan people recorded in hiſtory *, who ſeemed to have had juſter notions, in this particular; as they always put on mourning, on the birth of a child; and rejoiced, upon its death.—Was not this ſomewhat like *becoming Chriſtians*, as was ſaid of Socrates, *before Chriſtianity*—

* By Herodotus.

as

as if they had considered human nature to have been *born in sin*, and dying *in justification*?

Think often of these things, and be merry.—These are the last words of a friend to man, who concludes the whole, with the prayer of Buckingham, in the same circumstances.

Ens entium miserere mei.

AUTOMATHES.

CHAP. LXI.

A REQUIEM.

YOU see I am going through the whole ceremony of my interment, and like Moſes giving an account of my own death and burial.—But this thought amuſes me, and thus to die before my time, is in ſome ſort, a device to live after my death. This idea puts me in mind of an odd adventure I had, many years ago, which I ſhall here relate to you.

A Gentleman had invited me, along with a good number of his friends, to dinner, and gave us as luxurious and elegant an entertainment, as if it had been

prepared

prepared for a marriage feaſt. Our hoſt was remarkably cheerful and facetious, all the day; till towards the cloſe of the evening, when he became ſilent and thoughtful, for a time.

This gloom was ſoon after extended into an acting ſcene, by the noiſe and appearance of a large funeral proceſſion, that juſt then ſtopped at his door, and drew our attention to the windows. Gentlemen, ſaid my friend, with a ſigh, my obſequies are now going to be performed, and I have deſired the favour of your company, to honour it with your attendance.

Juſt then the undertaker entered the room, and caparifoned us all; ſome as

bearers, and others as mourners, among which our friend himself walked after the hearse, *as chief mourner and principal heir*. We thus set out in form, marched slowly to the church-yard, but proceeded no further in the rites; and then all returned back with the defunct, to supper; delivering up all our funeral appurtenances to the undertaker again, who depoſited them in my friend's wardrobe, was paid his bill, and retired.

His whim in this proceeding, he then told us, was, that he was reſolved always to take a ſhare in his own expences; that from his rank and fortune in life, he did ſuppoſe his executors would *put him* to conſiderable charges,

for

for a foppish exhibition which he could have no enjoyment of himself; therefore, said he, I was resolved to be before-hand with them, and treat myself to the shew; so that now I have nothing more to do but die, whenever my moment comes, and I can then be buried at free-cost, as every circumstance is already prepared and paid for.

He died, about seven years after, and the very same company attended him to the grave, a second time, fitted out with the self-same scarves, gloves, cloaks, and hatbands, that we had worn upon our former procession.

Pray now might not this gentleman have been able to have written an account

count of his own funeral, before-hand, without the ſpirit of propheſy? which ſuppoſing Moſes to have been inſpired with, you have here two ſolutions of that difficulty which has been objected to him by Bolinbroke, Voltaire, and ſuch-like *matter of fact* philoſophers.

But to the purpoſe of this chapter, here follows my *Requiem*, written this morning *extempore*.—I do every thing in a hurry.

All nature is an univerſal death,
Which ev'n in periſhing renews its breath.
Shall man, her nobleſt work, alas! ſuſtain
A meaner fate, his hope, his merit vain!
In human life our earnings we receive,
Shall heaven repay us only with a grave?
My faith takes wing and ſoars beyond the ſpheres;
And truſt in Mercy ſilences my fears.

Farewel,

Farewel, thou vale of vanity and ſin;
Death's mortal paſſed, immortal births begin.
Then ceaſe, weak man, at loſs of life to grieve,
Since we are born to die, but die to live.

Adieu.

CHAP. LXII.

A DIRGE.

AS I have cloſed the laſt volume with ſome muſic, I ſhall finiſh this one in the ſame manner; and in order to render it applicable to the preſent occaſion, I have made it a ſort of funeral anthem, by meaſuring the ſong part of it with the lines in the laſt chapter, which may be chanted along with it, or let alone, as the reader pleaſes.

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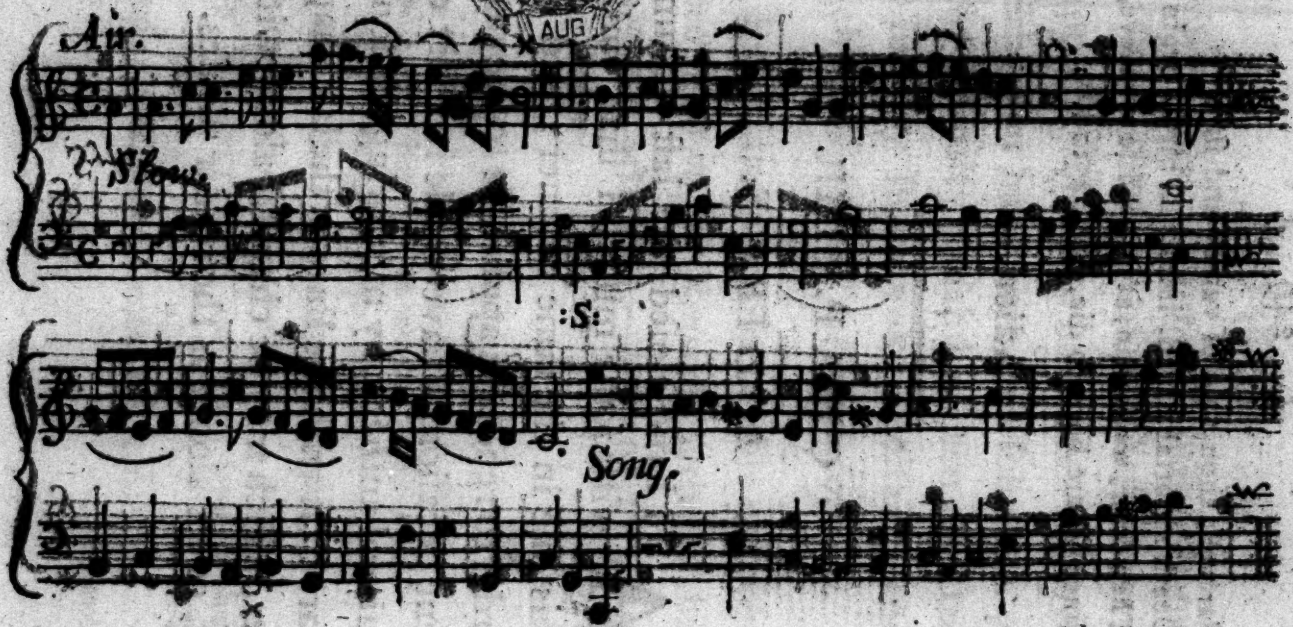

THE END.